The RING

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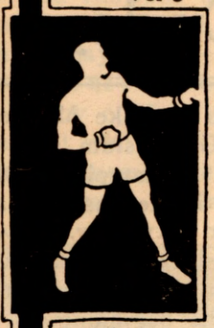
Vol 5



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Tommy Ryan Greatest Fighter of All Time, Jess Willard Best Heavyweight, Says Jack Curley

(The article which follows, written by Jack Curley, known the world over as a boxing and wrestling promoter and authority, is the fourth of a series dealing with the greatest exponents of the manly art in all divisions. Billy Gibson will write an exclusive article for The Ring *on this subject for an early issue.)*

WHO were the greatest boxers in all the divisions during my thirty years' connection with and observation of the Ring?

It's a hard question to answer, and once answered, no amount of argument, pro and con, will ever settle the question satisfactorily.

Jess Willard

Many old timers will insist that the greatest champion of all champions was John L. Sullivan. My information on John L. is all hearsay, therefore I cannot judge.

Neither can I, through actual intimate knowledge, speak of Nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, or Jack McAuliffe, who retired as lightweight champion.

As I mentioned above, I can vouch for thirty years experience among the professionals. Previous to that time, my recollections reach to a little boxing in the early nineties, in the clubrooms of the Golden Gate A. C., on Stephenson Street, back of the old Palace Hotel in San Francisco. To playing hookey from the Lincoln Night School, to get a peak at the Dempsey-La Blanche pivot punch scrap at the California A. C., to walking down Market Street, following the great Peter Jackson on his way to the Oakland Ferry, edging in on the Joe McAuliffe-Patsy Cardiff battle at the New Wigwam on Eddy Street—or was it Ellis Street?

Jack Curley's List of Greatest Boxers

Heavyweight—Jess Willard
Light Heavyweight—Georges Carpentier
Middleweight — Stanley Ketchel
Welterweight—Tommy Ryan
Lightweight—Benny Leonard
Featherweight—Abe Attell
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

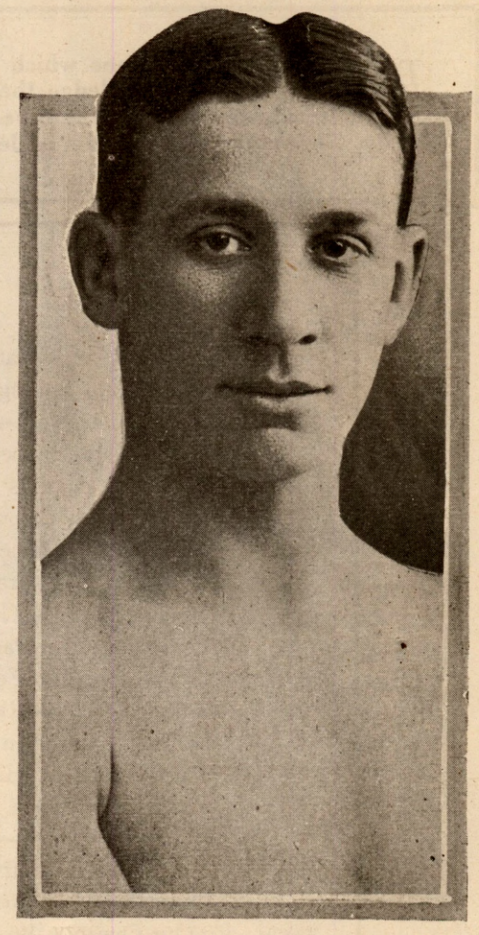
Came to Chicago in 1893

BUT it was during the World's Fair that I first gained experience with fighters.

Drawn to Chicago, in 1893, "to get rich at the World's Fair," renewed a friendship with Aleck Greggains, and through him met Dan Creedon, Jim Hall, Buffalo Costello, Young Griffo, Solly Smith, Johnny Griffith, Kid Lavigne, Jerry Marshall, Tommy White, Tommy Ryan, Joe Choynski, Dutch Neal, Kid McCoy, Jim Lindsey, Lem McGregor, Jimmy Barry, Casper Leon, and others.

After the World's Fair and the panic and hard times that followed in its wake, the writer drifted to St. Louis. There at the old Pastime Club we met Frankie Noel and Gus Fredericks who came under my management at later dates. Frank Noel defeated Morris Rauch of Chicago at Mike Mooney's Business Men's Gymnasium and we felt that we had a champion. Billy Lemp, a Brewer, invited us to make the trip to Carson City, Nev., to witness the Corbett-Fitzsimmons match and if we had our own way about it, we would date the beginning of the world, from the time, we pulled out of St. Louis, on the Private Car, chartered by Billy Lemp.

And so, now that we have roughly laid the foundation of our authority, on the game of boxing, let us arrive at the main intent of this article,—to pick what is our humble opinion are the greatest fighters of all time.



Tommy Ryan

Saw Corbett Lose Fight

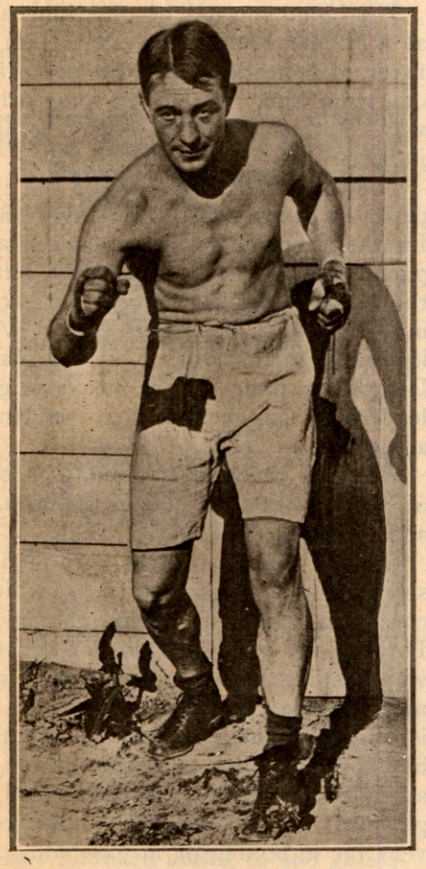
OUR main regret is that we saw James J. Corbett in his losing fight against Bob Fitzsimmons. Therefore we cannot place him at the head of the heavyweight list. But, the im-

pression we gained of James J., brings him to mind whenever ring stars are under discussion.

Laugh if you like, ridicule as much as you can, but the greatest heavyweight of all time, was Jess Willard, on the day, that he knocked out, Jack Johnson at Havana, Cuba.

In my opinion, there never was a pugilist who could have defeated Jess on that memorable day.

No doubt, Willard proved a disappointment to the men who labored hard, and who expended money to promote him. He showed little gratitude. But, in the condition he reached for the Havana fight, he was well nigh unbeatable.



Stanley Ketchel

Willard had size, and used his physical assets to perfect advantage. His pose, with long arms and natural left hand, made it almost impossible to penetrate his defense. He had great punching power. He could dizzy an opponent with a straight left jab and crossing his right, land in a valuable spot.

Had Willard chosen to take chances in the Johnson fight, had it not been thoroughly drilled into his mind, that he did not need to hurry, because he had 45 rounds in which to finish the job, it is my positive opinion that Jess could have won inside of ten rounds, with a clean knockout, instead of wearing his opponent down to utter exhaustion.

Jack Welsh, who was the referee, informed me immediately after the battle that Willard rocked Johnson as early as the third round and had his knees sagging in the ninth as a result of a stiff right hander. Said Welsh at the time: "I wondered why Willard failed to knock him out in the ninth round. Johnson's knees were knocking together and it certainly looked as if it was over."

Why Jess Was Cautious

THE reason Willard was so cautious was because for months before, and during the fight, his advisors constantly admonished him to be careful, take his time and take no chances.

The late Bat Masterson, Bob Edgren, Damon Runyon, Mat Hinkle, Bill Rocap and dozens of other experts were at the ringside watching the fight through critical and perhaps suspicious eyes. None found any fault and all pronounced Williard a real champion. Yet, some of the absentees have from time to time cast insinuations about Johnson "laying down." Yes, he "laid down" all right. He was beaten down, inch by inch, to utter exhaustion, and while not unconscious, he was helpless beyond the power to regain his feet.

Willard never trained again as he did for the Havana battle. He defeated Frank Moran with ease, with what was left of his Havana condition. At Toledo against Dempsey he was a fat, untrained hulk, and even at that, Dempsey was all in beating him down in the first couple of rounds. Had Willard come from his corner in a last desperate, do-or-die effort, I think he could have found enough left in his make-up to win.

Compare two photographs of Willard,—one taken in Havana at about ring time, the other at Toledo.

That's the answer to his defeat.

Names Georges Carpentier

MY choice for the light heavyweight division is Georges Carpentier. Georges can box cleverly and exchange blows when he feels that way. In other words he can outbox a boxer and outslug a fighter. He fought twelve championship fights in Europe and finished each with a knockout in the first round,—because Georges was up and fighting, before his slow thinking opponents struck their fighting pose. And while the French war hero never has reached the 175 pound limit for the light heavy division, he never has hesitated to give his opponents a dozen or more pounds.

Carpentier scaled 168 pounds when he stepped into the ring with Jack Dempsey, and electrified the crowd by the wallop which nearly cost Dempsey his title.

Carpentier started his active boxing career at the age of nine and when he reached thirteen, he was champion of France.

He had speed and cleverness and developed his punch by close study of the game and remarkable persistency.

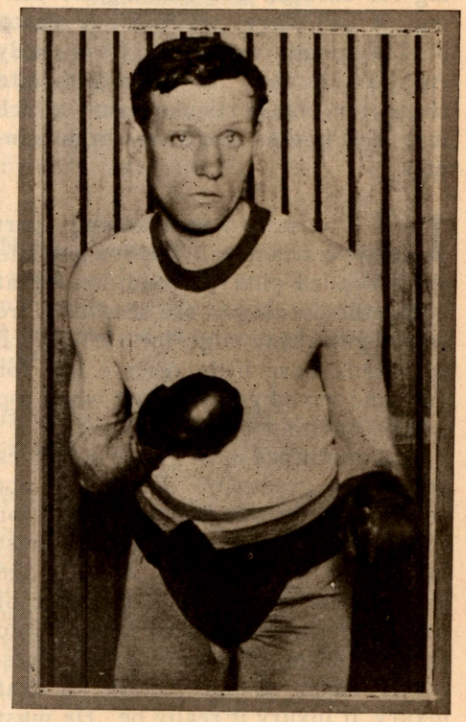
If Carpentier sticks to his own division, he will come back as champion.

Big Boost for Ketchel

THE middleweight leadership belongs to Stanley Ketchel. Tons of ink and paper have been devoted to "Steve," and the full description of Ketchel has not yet been adequately written.

Ketchel was fox, lion, tiger, all rolled into one. And we could add a widl cat and still be left at a loss for more fitting comparison.

And what Ketchel was to the middleweights, Tommy Ryan was to the welterweight class.



Johnny Wilde

Here we have a rare combination of English, Irish, Indian, French and Jew with all their fighting qualities, all in the 142 pound Tommy..

Could he fight? Some of his victims can be interviewed now.

Johnny Murphy, "Mysterous Billy" Smith, Dan Creedon, Jack Bonner, Henry Baker, Frank Craig, Kid Carter,

(*Continued on page* 13)

Baseball and Boxing

By ART NEHF

Star Lefthander of the New York Giants

I HAVE been asked by the editor of The Ring to give a professional baseball player's reaction to professional boxing—his impressions of similarities and dissimilarities.

"What is the attitude of the major league ball player toward the topnotch boxer?" the editor asked.

"What is the attitude of the major leaguer toward boxing?

"Wherein does training for the baseball season resemble training for a fight,—or wherein lie the differences?"

These were the questions placed before me and I rather liked the idea of tackling the subject in a general way.

Let us start at the training first. To begin with, we must not lost sight of an important difference between training for baseball and training for boxing. A ball player trains for a season of 154 games extending from early April to October. A boxer gets into shape for one particular bout, which may not last as much as three minutes.

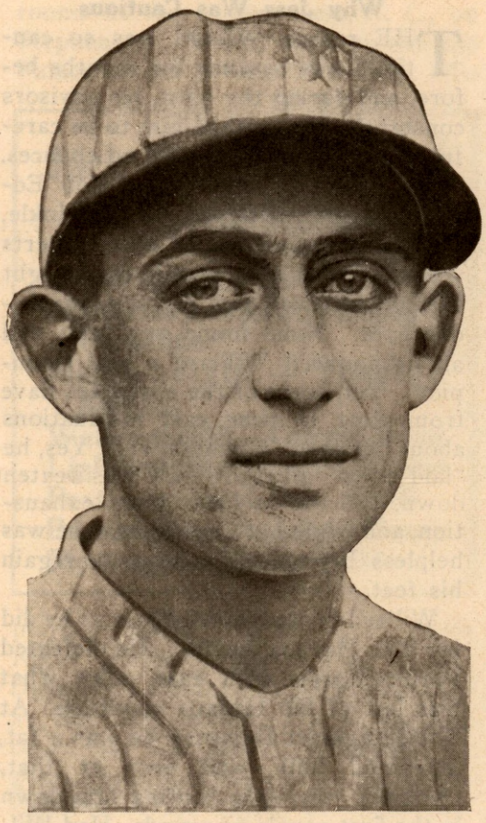
IT is a mistaken idea among sport followers that ball players get into the so-called pink of condition,—that is, for the opening of the season. Were we to get a fine edge for early April we would have little reserve left for July and would go stale just when top notch condition is needed most.

As a result, we must gauge ourselves and train gradually. We must not come down to our lowest weight for the opening of the season. We must leave a little weight on against the heat of the summer and the heat of the pennant race. We must train into our best shape as the season advances.

The boxer cannot indulge in that luxury, if luxury it really be. He must get into first class shape for each contest as it comes along. His career is one training regime after another as his contests come along. Of course, I am writing about the champion and not the "ham and egg" fighter who does his training in his bouts.

SO much for the training side. I could write at great length about training in baseball but it would be out of place in this article. Suffice it to say that training for a baseball season, especially in so far as a pitcher is concerned, is far more complex than the average fan realizes.

"What is the attitude of the major league ball player toward the top notch boxer?"



Art Nehf

The ball player and the boxer both are professionals. They are engaged in a labor which has to do with entertainment and recreation. The time was when that was regarded as something unnecessary. Recreation came under the general head of luxuries. But in more recent years we have come to learn that recreation is as much a part of a man's life as work itself.

The ball player is very much interested in the boxer. I have no doubt that next to baseball boxing develops the greatest interest among the major leaguers. And I have no doubt that among the boxers baseball comes next to their own sport.

AND both classes are great worshippers of power. The ball player likes cleverness but he likes hitting strength more. As you know, recent years have seen the more scientific factors of what we used to call "inside baseball" snubbed in favor of the long hit.

The home run has become king and as a pitcher I might say that I am in favor of beheading the new potentate or giving him "the air" in some other way. But, as a pitcher, I may be prejudiced.

The rise of the home run as the emperor of baseball is akin to the craze for the knockout in boxing. The hard punch always has been admired but I think that in the last fifteen years boxing cleverness has been pretty well lost sight of in favor of hitting. Jack Dempsey's jump to the heavyweight leadership has helped that tendency along.

My own reaction to boxing is one of intense interest and admiration,—and, I might say, envy.

I would like to possess that hitting strength and that cleverness which, combined, make the boxing champion. Perhaps my ambitions do not run toward boxing leadership. But I do admire the boxing champion for what he is and what he possesses. I admire him for his ability to reach the top in an endeavor which is mental as well as physical. The bonehead seldom gets very far in boxing or in baseball.

BOXING needs more complete organization and supervision from a central authority. Boxing would be tremendously stronger in its appeal to the public, in its bid for patronage, in its alibity to make champions fight, if it had a Judge Landis.

Boxing has got to clean out the undesirables. It has got to place all clubs operating in this country under one great authority.

A Landis in boxing would bring about periodic battles for the titles in all classes. He would force the heavyweight champion to defend his laurels every six months or quit.

Suppose the world series were left to the ball clubs to arrange each year, as it was in the old days? Suppose the baseball classic were staged one year and omitted the next? Where would it stand?

I close with that thought,—let boxing get its Judge Landis.

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE well known Dempsey situation continues to provide most of the comedy in boxing. Recently a barrel of flashlight powder was used up at Fort Worth, Texas. "Dempsey Signs With Rickard," clarioned the headlines.

Then Rickard came home and told the Boxing Commission of New York that all Dempsey had signed was an option on his services.

Before Dempsey ever fights anybody, if he ever does fight again, flashlights will be taken in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Port Chester, Wilmington, Los Angeles, and way stations.

In "Light Training"

AS THIS MAGAZINE GOES TO PRESS DEMPSEY IS DOING "LIGHT TRAINING" AT HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., A PICTURESQUE LITTLE CITY IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. FOR TRAINING AT HENDERSONVILLE FOR A MONTH, JACK IS TO GET $35,000. AND HE DOESN'T HAVE TO FIGHT EVEN A TOM GIBBONS, AS HE HAD TO AT SHELBY, MONT., ANOTHER TOWN WHICH HE HELPED TO BOOM.

Benny Leonard added to the gaiety of the general situation at the Boxing Writers' dinner in New York. Benneh had promised to make a clean breast of it, but instead he sprang that moss back about giving his father twenty dollars after his first fight.

"When I came home my mother called me down for becoming a professional fighter," said Benneh. "The old man was sore, too, but when I handed him the twenty I had got for the fight he said, 'Ven do you fight it again?'"

All of which was very interesting to those who never had heard it before. But the 1,300 diners wanted to hear what Leonard intended to do about coming out of retirement.

The Leonard Plan

THE SHARPS SAY IT IS TO BE A FIGHT WITH KANSAS FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE, THEN A BATTLE WITH MICKEY WALKER, THEN GOOD BYE FOREVER.

This isn't at all funny, but we will print it for every man who is connected with boxing to cut out and paste where he can see it every hour.

"The reformers cannot hurt boxing. But those who make a living out of the game can kill it."

Mayor Walker of New York said it at the Boxing Writers' dinner.

Why hasn't Sid Terris been busier? This young man is a great attraction in New York, but for some reason he has been kept in hiding.

"Jack Delaney greater than Kid McCoy," says a noted sport critic. So's your uncle John!

The topic should be good for a little argument, anyway, though nothing can be done about it. Do you suppose a fighter who waits as does Delaney rates with McCoy? For the best opinion on this subject we offer a season pass to the well known Aquarium in New York.

Banner With Strange Device

"THE boxing fans of California have adopted an official device for their banner. It is the All Day Sucker." This from a fan in San Francisco.

WHAT AILS THE GAME ON THE PACIFIC COAST? AFTER THE CALIFORNIA LAW WAS PASSED WE LOOKED FOR BIG DOINGS OUT THERE. BUT THE PROMOTERS HAVE SLOWED DOWN TO A WALK.

Al Mello, the New England welterweight champion, was married recently. He announced, "I will take a rest from fighting for a while." Al is an optimist.

A Milwaukee surgeon says that all Filipinos should be barred from the ring as they have small arteries and are not suited to the rigors of fighting.

There Was a Tough One!

WELL, Mr. Aguinaldo and those other tough babies who made life miserable for the American army in the Philippines for several years may have had small arteries, but they were very annoying.

Boxing is back in Chicago. Will it stay up or will it begin to stagger at an early date?

NEW YORK BOXING CRITICS FROM TIME TO TIME LIKE TO REFER TO THAT GANS-McGOVERN AFFAIR IN CHICAGO AS THE GRAND CRIME. HOWEVER, WE'VE HAD SOME "GRAND CRIMES" OF OUR OWN IN THE BIG CITY IN THE LAST TWO DECADES.

A Mathematical Fact

IF all the heavyweights who have rushed from colleges into the professional ring in the last five years were to mass their skill and their power they would come knee high to Jeffries in fistic stature.

Leonard in Dilemma

IN this connection a friend of Leonard's said to us recently, "Benny can't make up his mind whether to get married or stay retired from the ring."

What has become of the old-fashioned champion who was willing to fight?

What has become of the old fashioned pitcher who could go nine innings; the old fashioned fighter who could go twenty rounds; the old fashioned thoroughbred which could run two miles; the old fashioned dude who offered to pay a girl's car fare. Gone with the bock beer signs and the free lunch!

WILL BUY

Original Fight Photographs
of the
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Also any other old-time fight pictures.

Publisher, THE RING, Inc.
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In the Fistic Hall of Fame

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The above shows James J. Corbett, former world's heavyweight champion and father of modern scientific boxing, in various stages of his career. The photo in the upper left hand is one of the earliest ever taken of "Gentleman Jim." A few years before John L. Sullivan died he met Corbett in this city and they were snapped shaking hands. Both, wearing caps, are in the upper section of this page.

Old-Timer Appeals for Cessation of Slurs on Sullivan's Fighting Class

By A. M. GALLAGHER
Lieutenant of Police, Jersey City, N. J.

THERE seems to be quite a vogue these days of taking slaps at John L. Sullivan. Youngsters without fuzz on their upper lips, who never saw John L., doubt his class and ridicule claims advanced for the Boston strong Boy. This roils us old timers, who perhaps are too enthusiastic over Sullivan. But the fact remains that he was the king of 'em all.

They may boost Peter Jackson, whom, say critics, Sullivan would not fight because he feared the negro. They may boost Jeffries, Johnson, Wills, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and others. But John L. stands out as the ring paragon.

NOT that I have anything but admiration for Jackson. Had he had thoughtful friends and financial backers when he was on the down-grade from dissipation or poor health, and unable to get into physical condition, he would not have been put up against such an adversary as Jim Corbett, or some little time later against Jim Jeffries, who stopped him in three rounds. I don't think either Corbett or Jeffries would have had an earthly chance against Jackson when the latter was in his prime.

I say this knowing Corbett was the fastest and most scientific heavyweight the ring has ever known, but he was not rugged, nor had he the punch. Jeffries was rugged, had the punch, especially with the left, but as slow as tar in January against a fast opponent. He would wear them down. Jackson had everything these other two lacked.

The less said about Johnson the better. I saw him meet Sam Langford in Boston, and although Sam was no where near his height, weight or reach, once was enough for Johnson. He needn't talk about chasing Tommy Burns all over the earth. Burns hardly reached Johnson's shoulders, the colored man having every physical advantage, just as he had over Langford. There was a real fighter, who made them all back up, with no crazy rushes, but a punch in either hand, until age and nature stepped in, and his eyes went bad.

John L. Marked Man

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was a marked man. He made many enemies. They scoured the world for a man to beat him, bringing them from as far as Australia. Many a time John L. climbed into the ring to battle the best that could be secured to tackle him, when it was common knowledge that his training had consisted of a shave and a shampoo. Sometimes he had to be waked up from a drunken stupor and carried into the ring, notably on the ocasion of his second match with Charley Mitchell of England, in Gilmore's Garden in New York. Inspector Alex. Williams refused to permit it to go. The big fellow was asleep and snoring, when time was called for the first round.

The Big Fellow never tried to get into condition after training became irksome, after weight had become hard to take off, until Jake Kilrain's star began to shine so brightly, especially after his meeting with Jem Smith on the other side, John L. despised most of the talent who could be prevailed to enter the squared circle against him, but Kilrain had to be considered. He was taller and heavier and besides was a noted wrestler, which would count in London Prize Rules, and was also a comer. The Big Fellow was on a sick bed when he signed articles.

William Muldoon was engaged to prepare John L. Sullivan, and did a good jb, Sullivan battling 75 rounds under a broiling sun.

Ready to Fight Godfrey

SULLIVAN was once stripped and in the ring ready to battle Old Chocolate, George Godfrey, in Boston, and the police of that city refused to permit the show to go on. There was a strong feeling against blacks and whites mingling in various sections and in disgust drew the color line, not from fear of Godfrey, who stood at the head of his race, pugilistically, but because all their efforts went to naught. This was long, long before Peter Jackson was heard of as a challenger for the heavyweight championship, so the color line was not drawn to avoid Jackson or any other negro.

When Sullivan went aboard ship on his way to Australia, and met Jackson on board, the latter being there on a visit to his friend the Captain, Sullivan roaring out to Jackson, "I can lick any man in the world," Jackson answered, "I don't say I can lick any man, but I will fight any man." When Corbett went 61 rounds to a draw with Jackson, Sullivan grabbed at the opportunity of meeting Corbett. Surely if John L. was afraid of the negro, he ought also to have been afraid of the lad who drew with him.

Sullivan's Fast Left

SULLIVAN had little of the science of Corbett. He had a good fast left, and a wonderful accurate right. He was rugged, strong, game and a tiger in action. I saw him boxing with Pete McCoy, first the latter making a monkey of him, in a friendly exhibition, like a terrier dancing around a big Newfoundland dog. As the big fellow realized that he was losing prestige among his friends, he made a slight motion with his right, his black eyes showing a dangerous glitter, whereupon McCoy yelled, "Cut it out out, you big stiff, or I will jump out the window." Sullivan laughed and was once more in good humor, permitting the little terrier to bother him as much as he felt like.

Imagine Jack Dempsey going off the regular course in the line of dissipation, or neglecting his training, or getting into the ring clearly out of condition, even against such opponents as Fulton, Morris, Brennan, Firpo and other first-raters. Yet Sullivan did that same thing against all except Kilrain, and would have done it in that case if it weren't for Muldoon,—all because he didn't find the going rough in his younger days.

In his heart Sullivan was a proud man. He had his faults. He was a hard fighter, and a hard drinker.

(*Continued on page* 21)

Boxing's Only Woman Promoter, Mrs. Dick Burge, Makes the Ring of London Famous

By NAT FLEISCHER

OVER in England, in the Blackfriars' section of London, there is an old building, Surrey Chapel, which has gained international fame as a fistic center. This building, now called the Ring, after which this magazine is named, was once one of London's most famous houses of worship

The red brick structure, standing only a few blocks from the famous Vic Theatre in which only Shakespearean plays are given, has been the scene of more and higher class boxing bouts in the last five years than have been staged in the world renowned National Sporting Club of London.

Standing as it does in Blackfriars Road, this building which is now devoted wholly to the promotion of boxing bouts, is unique in several ways. First, because of its history; second, because of the many famous English boxers who received their start there and lastly because it is the only building in the world devoted entirely to things pugilistic which is managed by a woman, the only woman boxing promoter in captivity.

The woman is none other than Mrs. Dick Burge, widow of the man who won the British lightweight championship from Jem Carney and later was knocked out in the seventeenth round by our own Kid Lavinge in a battle for the world's title. Mrs. Burge, a rather frail looking woman, of course has her retinue of co-workers, but for the benefit of the skeptical, let it here be said that every match made by her chief assistant, Dan Sullivan, must first be submitted to her for approval and most of the matches are the result of her keen foresight.

WE in America are accustomed to seeing our women attend boxing matches, but nowhere in this country do the women show as keen an interest in pugilism as in England. There the fair sex seem to know as much about the sport, its progress, its latest stars and its past masters of the game, as do the men.

So it is with Mrs. Burge despite the fact that most of her early life was spent far from the atmosphere of the ring. It was only after she married that she absorbed the knowledge of boxing which her champion husband possessed and when he died, she made fine use of this in taking over the management of The Ring. There is scarcely an angle to the boxing game, both national and international with which Mrs. Burge is not conversant.

Well educated, a cultured woman with a keen knowledge of business methods, she has made a success of her venture and has the full confidence of her business associates and the fight managers.

Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Burge, in an interview with the writer on his recent trip to England, declared that prior to her marriage, she never had attended a boxing match nor had she ever read of one. When she married, Dick promised to retire, and upon his return from America he did so. However, the lure of the sport was lurking in his veins, and Mrs. Burge permitted him to continue to give exhibitions, which she attended.

It was at these exhibitions that she took a keen fancy to the sport and when her husband decided upon opening a boxing hall and gymnasium in 1910, she encouraged him and even went out with him to hunt for the building. One day, after looking over buildings, Mrs. Burge passed the old Surrey Chapel, which was then empty, and upon a suggestion from her, Dick Burge decided to walk in and look about. This building in the old days was the center of Nonconformity and as such was always in the public eye.

"IN Napoleon's time one of the best known and most remarkable "characters" in London was the Rev. Rowland Hill," said Mrs. Burge, in telling the story of The Ring. "Son of a Shropshire baronet, he turned Dissenter," she continued, "and became a popular preacher in St. George's-in-the-Fields, Southwark.

"Friends later on subscribed £5,000 for him to build a chapel, which was erected in Blackfriars Road, 1782 or '83, and was known as the Surrey Chapel.

"It was built circular in shape, so that, as the preacher said, there should be no corners for the devil to lurk in. That is how the building, when transferred into a boxing club, was named The Ring.

With the exeception of an additional straicase and extra offices, The building, is precisely the same as when it was first erected nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

"Here I think I may say that the Ring harbors no devils save the 'devil' of the fighting man, and that in its own way The Ring has done as much to spread the light as did the Rev. Rowland Hill and his successors at the Surrey Chapel; for, to my mind, the good, clean sportsmanship which we have always tried to foster and encourage embodies all the principles of true Christianity.

"Fifty years ago the lease of the Surrey Chapel ran out, and the congregation erected the present imposing building known as Christ Church, in Westminster Bridge Road, in memory of Rowland Hill.

"I mention this because when Christ Church celebrates its jubilee next July a special 'Rowland Hill Memorial Service' is to be held at The Ring that month. I imagine that it will be the first function of its kind to be held in a boxing hall.

"It reminds me of another memorial celebration at The Ring, when, after my husband's death in 1918, all the best-known sportsmen assembled to give a performance for the purpose of the 'Dick Burge Memorial Fund.' As a result, the committee were able to hand over £1,000 to Guy's Hospital and also a substantial sum to the Evelina Hospital for Children.

"HOWEVER, to return to the empty Surrey Chapel, we decided to take it, and it proved so well adapted to our purposes that, with the exception of an additional staircase and extra offices, the building is precisely the same as when it was first erected as a chapel nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

"Our opening night was May 10th, 1910, and, thanks to my husband's fame and popularity, we had a 'bumper'

house, and success was assured from the start, although, of course, like everyone else, we have had our lean times.

"Sixpence procured a seat and an excellent view on that opening night.

"Today our minimum charge is eighteenpence, but don't forget that the Government takes fourpence of this.

"Our purses have grown with our admission charges, but only in proportion to the cost of living. My husband did not believe in extravagant purses, and I have never departed and never shall depart from his policy in this respect. Not that he was mean—far, very far, from it.

"I often heard him say, 'Give him an extra tenner,' when a boxer had pleased him. And it didn't matter whether the lad had won or lost, or whether there was tuppence-halfpenny in the house, so long as he had put up a good, clean, plucky show.

"The biggest purse we ever gave was for the Carpentier-Gunboat Smith contest, which, however, did not take place in The Ring, but at Olympia, July, 1914. It was lucky for us that the War did not come a month earlier for if it had we should have lost thousands of pounds.

(Upper left)—Dick Burge, former British lightweight champion in uniform of a sergeant; (center)—"The Ring," famous fistic center; (upper right)—Mrs. Dick Burge

"I AM proud of the part that The Ring played in the War. My husband joined up, though fifty years of age, and was instrumental in inducing hundreds of others to enlist, including sportsmen of all classes.

"Subscribed for by our patrons, a fully-equipped soup kitchen was sent to the front, while my husband entertained thousands of wounded soldiers at The Ring. He was never happier than when thus engaged.

"Nor have we forgotten. Every Christmas our patrons subscribe for the benefit of an ex-soldier who was so terribly gassed and rendered physically unfit.

"When my husband died in 1918 I had to decide whether to carry on or to sell out and retire. I decided to carry on for various reasons. For one, The Ring, for business purposes, had always been in my name. For another, I had grown to love the sport, and being behind the scenes, I had learned a good deal of the managerial and business side.

"I think, however, I was influenced chiefly by the desire to keep my husband's memory green in the hearts of the thousands who had known him and for whom he had provided healthful entertainment, and the feeling that things ought to be carried on as he would have carried them on.

"And so I became the first, as I believe I still am, the only woman boxing promoter in the world. Some people seem to think that it is a curious, not to say unsuitable position for a woman to hold. I do not agree with them.

"WOMEN now control big business of all kinds, and I cannot see why they should not manage boxing, always provided that they have the necessary experience and are able to secure the services of the right men.

"As for the idea that women should not take an interest in boxing, I can see no justification for it. On the contrary, I see every reason why they should do so.

"Surely every true woman admires the qualities that make a good boxer—'cleanness,' pluck, chivalry, good temper are btu some of them. Some women say that it must be 'horrible' to see two men knocking each othe about. I imagine that they have never seen a properly conducted contest.

"I hope I am as 'feminine' as the next woman, but in the course of years of experience I have never at any contest seen anything 'horrible' or anything to jar my feelings or offend my susceptibilities.

"Any minister of religion or welfare worker among the poor will tell you that the surest and quickest way of reclaiming the young hooligan, the budding or actual member of a 'gang' is to get him to join a boxing class.

"There he learns that brute force is of no avail against skill and science, that if he loses his temper he is done for, and that if he does not play the game, he is an object of contempt and scorn. He learns, too, that if he is to have a chance against the other lads, he must keep himself fit and cut out the drink and the fags.

"A man who is a man, should be able not only to defend himself, but those who need or are entitled to his protection, and boxing is the best means to this desirable end.

"I do not say that there are no black sheep amongst boxers. There are, as there are in every other walk of life, but they are very few and far between, and now that I have had considerable experience, I can honestly say that, subject to a few unhappy exceptions, boxers, amateur or professional, are the finest of sportsmen.

"I think it would be a splendid thing for the nation, both morally and physically, if every boy were compelled to learn boxing, unless medically unfit.

"There is no better or more healthful exercise. Apart from its moral benefits, there is nothing like it for giving a boy speed and stamina, for equally developing his frame, and laying the foundation of a strong constitution.

"SO far from women holding aloof from boxing, I consider that they should do everything possible in their power to encourage it. I am glad to say that they are doing so at The Ring.

"From the first my husband insisted

(Continued on page 13)

Filipinos Too Game, Says Critic Who Analyzes Causes Behind Sencio's Death

By MAURICE H. GOLDNER, Former Sports Editor Manila Bulletin

PRIDE of race, courage and an indomnitable will that carries them through punishment in the face of overwhelming odds have sent three Filipino boxers to their death. "Too game," they carry on like fatalists to earn the plaudits of their audience, to bask in the sunlight of public esteem, and then the Great Referee counts ten. "Clever" Sencio is the last of the three great Filipino boxers to pass on.

While the direct cause of the deaths of Dencio, Villa and Sencio can only be determined by medical science, I think that the racial characteristics of the Filipinos are such that they fear nothing in the ring, and blindly carry on like the "gallant 400." Game to the core, but more often than not unwisely they battle till they drop like the fighting gamecock, the national bird of their nation.

The first was Dencio Cabanela (Kid Dencio), who died in Australia in 1920. Pancho Villa, flyweight champion of the world and the first of his race to ever win a world's fistic title, was the second victim, dying in this city less than a year ago.

It was after the death of Villa that Sencio was brought to America by Frank Churchill, who also managed the other two boxers, in an effort to regain Villa's laurels.

The Outstanding Filipinos

THE three sturdy sons of the Orient who have all met the same fate were easily the outstanding Filipino boxers to be developed during the short time that boxing has been popular among the natives.

Boxing is "play" to Filipinos. That is their pet term when mentioning the game. They consider it a disgrace to be beaten, will not stand for a towel to be thrown by their seconds, and take great delight in swapping punches with their opponents. The majority of Filipino boxers are audience pleasers; they have always been popular with the fight crowds for their willingness to mix at all times.

Neither Kid Dencio nor Pancho Villa ever took weight into consideration when making a match, and were always open to meet anyone. I was present at a conference in Manila when Kid Dencio, a featherweight, wanted to meet Ray Pelky, now fighting around the bay, although there was a great weight difference.

THE recent death of "Clever" Sencio Moldez, the little Filipino, after his bout with "Bud" Taylor brought from sport writers all over this country queries as to the physical and constitutional qualities of the brown men which possibly make them unfit for severe combat in the ring. First Young Dencio died after a contest, then Pancho Villa passed away after a hard bout, and now comes the Moldez affair. The question is handled ably by a former sporting editor of Manila, who knows the Filipino boxer and his peculiarities well.

Great Fighting Spirit

THIS great fighting spirit, which dominated all three, is believed to have shortened their careers within the hempen arena. They were the heroes of the hour among their own people, and had large followings. Hundreds of their countrymen would remain after the bouts to follow them down the streets, and they were better known to the great masses of the Philippine Islands than the governor-general, president of the Senate, or other prominent persons in the public eye.

The greatest fighter of the three undoubtedly was Kid Dencio. In his first appearance in Australia Dencio fought Eugene Crique, ex-featherweight champion of the world. Although Dencio lost the fight, collapsing in the ring at the end of the fourteenth round without being hit, W. W. Corbett, noted fight critic of Sydney, paid him the tribute of being "the greatest boxer to hit the Antipodes since Jack Johnson."

All Churchill's Proteges

IT was shortly following the death of Dencio that Villa forged to the front, and his American invasion, which resulted in his becoming flyweight champion of the world, was planned.

Then came Sencio to gain Villa's laurels, only to meet the same fate. Frank Churchill discovered all three as youngsters, and brought them to the front in his own palatial fight stadium.

Boxing In San Francisco Languishes Through Monopoly

LACK of competition is bad for any industry, and it is especially bad for boxing. It is hurting the game in San Francisco, as may be gleaned from an article published in the San Francisco Bulletin under the heading, "Local Boxing Game Passing Through Critical Stage." The article is reproduced, as follows:

"If we can believe what history tells us, the Roman Empire cleaned up on the rest of the world, was the boss of the whole works, and taken all in all was a pretty healthy organization of scrappers.

"But after mowing down everything that looked like opposition, the country began to sit back and take things easy. One party followed another and wine flowed like water.

"This kept up for a while until the soldiers all began to get bags under the eyes and lost their waist lines. Then along came another outfit of fighters who used to go to bed at 8 o'clock every night and drank nothing stronger than water.

"They gave the Romans an awful trouncing.

"That stuff about the Romans has nothing to do with the San Francisco fight game of 1926, but it points out a moral, and any story that has a moral to it is worth listening to.

"The local fight game is being run

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TOMMY RYAN GREATEST FIGHTER

(*Continued from page* 5)

Jack Root, Jack O'Brien—take a slant at the record book and you will figure Tommy Ryan a heavyweight. Yet he never weighed more than 145 pounds when really ready to scratch the mark. Tommy was the goods.

If I were asked to choose the greatest fighter of all time, regardless of weight, I would unhesitatingly name Ryan.

And now we come to the lightweight division. Always keep in mind that I won't go back to the days of the real Jack McAuliffe. He no doubt was a great fighting machine and the record is clean that he never lost a dollar for his backers. Joe Gans was also great, and Young Griffo so clever that he could stand on a handkerchief and dare anyone to lay a glove on him.

Kid Lavigne was a great champion, and others were equally efficient. But, when it's all said and done, and when you try to set your mind on the ONE greatest lightweight I can answer but one way. Benny Leonard.

Leonard has a wonderful record. Benny outclassed them all. He presented a great combination. Heady, one who can think and think quickly. He could protect himself when in dangerous close quarters, he could feint an opponent into making openings for him, all of which is testimony that he could fight cleverly, and when called upon to administer a knockout wallop, the boy could hit.

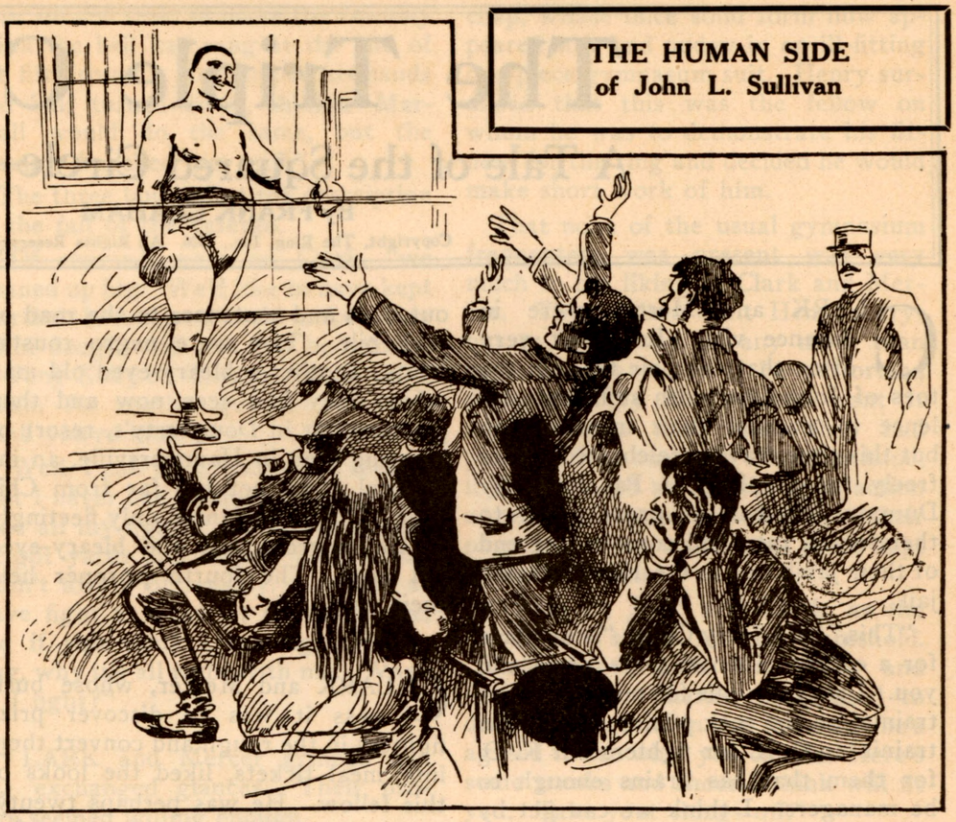
Attell Best Feather

ABE ATTELL ranks as the foremost featherweight during the last thirty years. If it were not for Attell I would throw my vote to George Dixon. But Abe blocks the open way to the "Little Chocolate." Long before the world knew Attell as the great battler, I had my eyes on him. I was asked to describe him by Lou M. Houseman, at the time sport editor of the Inter-Ocean in Chicago. I wrote: "Abe Attell possesses the cleverness of a Griffo, the ring generalship of James J. Corbett, the punch of Bob Fitzsimmons and the gameness of a gamecock, all rolled into one pill." My opinion of Attell never changed during the heyday of his career.

The bantamweight crown of all time I shall place on the head of Jimmy Barry, who hailed from Chicago. His victories over Casper Leon alone entitle him to this recognition.

We will wind up our choices by placing Jimmy Wilde at the head of the flyweight division.

THE HUMAN SIDE of John L. Sullivan



THE above is a scene at a lunatic asylum in Middletown, New York, in 1891, where the interested spectators were poor unfortunates. Sullivan at the time was on a tour and, passing the asylum, he inquired from the superintendent whether he would be permitted to entertain the inmates. This granted, John L. arranged a bout and for half an hour he exhibited his wares. He was afforded just as much pleasure as the unfortunate creatures who witnessed the contest.

When ready to leave, Sullivan made a little speech in which he praised the treatment of the inmates by the officials and then left with his usual statement.

"I remain, yours truly, John L. Sullivan.

BOXING'S ONLY WOMAN PROMOTER

(*Continued from page* 11)

on law and order at The Ring. He would have no hooliganism, no disturbances, no 'holding up' of visitors.

"He was determined that, in its way, The Ring should be as well conducted as the National Sporting Club, and because he was Dick Burge, he succeeded where other men would have failed. And so almost from the start women and girls came to The Ring, knowing that even by themselves they would be safe, but it was not until I assumed the management, that they began to do so in large numbers.

"If I may say so, I think they argued to themselves: 'If it's good enough for Mrs. Burge, it's good enough for us.' Anyway, women and girls now form a large percentage of our patrons. Indeed, there are nights when they outnumber the men. I am sure that it is a good, healthy thing. We began by catering for the masses, but now we also get the classes as The Ring's patrons. Indeed, our audiences are sometimes almost as distinguished as those of the National Sporting Club."

Mrs. Burge is truly a remarkable business woman and the boxing world owes her considerable praise for what she has done to keep the sport alive in England, the birthplace of pugilism, at a time when it most needed a strong hand to guide it from the rocky shores.

The Triple Cross

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part I

By FRANK GRAHAM

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CLARK and Mercer were in durance vile. It wasn't very often that the pair trod on the toes of John Law with sufficient violence to warrant their incarceration but this time, having celebrated rather freely the toppling of Pat Riley by Dummy Marshall at great profit to themselves, they had come to the end of their jamboree in the Hammersville jail.

"This," said Jerry Clark, "is no place for a couple of smart guys like I and you. I ain't anxious for no thirty days trainin' on the rock pile, believin' that trainin' is O. K. for fighters but K. O. for them that has brains enough to be managers. I think we can get by with a fine, though, and I'm glad we're lucky enough to have the dough to pay it."

"What you say," responded Johnny Mercer, "goes double for me. What did we say to that cop?"

"I don't remember," answered Clark, "but I remember you takin' a sock at him, which got us here. Sockin' should be done in the ring by fighters and not out of it by managers. Especially sockin' cops."

Mercer shook his head dolefully. He had no recollection of having taken a sock at the cop, but if Clark said he had, it followed that he must have. Clark wouldn't kid him. He was sure of that.

As they talked over their fling at Volstead and all his work, recalling, with chuckles, the high spots of the night before, as they remembered them, they were interrupted by a turnkey.

"Come on, boys," he directed, as he opened their cell door. "Court's going to open and they want you in the pen."

At the end of the passage that led from the cells he opened a barred door and admitted them to the court pen, a large room with a barred window and a door on the opposite side, through which prisoners, as their cases were called, were ushered into the presence of Justice, as represented by Judge Crowley.

There were four other prisoners, Clark and Mercer discovered, waiting to pass through the mill that ground out fines and sentences to the road or rock pile. Two were negro roustabouts; another a bleary-eyed old man whom they had seen now and then panhandling in Dougherty's, resort of sporting men in Hammersville, an industrial town not too far from Chicago. The pair glanced only fleetingly at the negroes and the bleary-eyed old man. The fourth prisoner held their gaze.

CLARK and Mercer, whose business it was to discover prize fighters in the rough and convert them into meal tickets, liked the looks of this fellow. He was perhaps twenty-two years of age, stood about five feet ten inches tall and weighed in the neighborhood of 180 pounds. His head was well rounded, his ears small and set close to the skull. His eyes were deep set and keen, his cheek bones high, his nose small and flat, his jaw of sturdy build. To his thick, hairy wrists were joined large, thick-fingered hands. All these details Clark and Mercer noted swiftly, as architects would note the details of a skyscraper on which they gazed for the first time.

"Maybe," suggested Clark, in an undertone, "this gettin' pinched won't pan out so bad after all."

Mercer nodded.

"What have you been doin'?" asked Clark, addressing the stranger.

"Nothin'," he replied. "And for a long while. That's why I'm here."

"How come?"

"A bull caught me steppin' off a freight that was rollin' through this burg last night. I was goin' to see if I could rustle somethin' to eat and be on my way. I ain't rustled nothin' yet and I ain't on my way."

"What's the charge—vaggin'?"

"Yeh. I know what that means, too. Thirty dollars if you got it. Thirty days if you ain't. I ain't."

Clark fingered a roll of bills in a trousers' pocket.

"Ever do any fightin'?" he asked.

"Sure. Lots of it. Beat up a brakeman the other night."

"I mean ring fightin'."

The stranger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Never thought about it. Never seen a fight in the ring. But I'd fight Dempsey and Wills together for a stack of wheats and a pot of coffee right now."

"Maybe," ventured Clark, "we could get you more than that for fightin' guys not so tough one at a time."

The stranger looked at them in surprise.

"How?" he asked.

"That's our racket," replied Clark. "Lemme introduce my partner, Johnny Mercer. My name's Clark."

The stranger put out his right hand.

"Glad to know you," he said. "Mine is Joe Henry."

At this point a bailiff hustled Clark and Mercer into court. Their case was quickly disposed of, the judgment of the court being that they had acted disgracefully, were guilty of disorderly conduct and attempted assault upon the person of an officer, and, in consequence, must pay fines of ten dollars each or spend ten days improving the condition of the roads in the vicinity of Hammersville. They listened to their arraignment in what passed for respectful silence, and, having paid their fines, stepped beyond the judgment rail and took their seats in the first roow assigned to spectators.

WHEN Henry's case was called and he stood before Judge Crowley, that dignitary looked sternly at him.

"A vagrant, eh?" remarked His Honor. "Young man, we don't want vagrants in Hammersville. Vagrants are a menace to society, and I am going to impress upon you that your presence is unwelcome in our city."

This was the Judge's usual line when dealing with vagrants. Apparently it was a familiar line to Henry, who gazed back unblinkingly at the Judge.

"I will give you your choice," continued His Honor, "of a fine of thirty dollars or thirty days at hard labor on the roads."

So rare were cases in which vagrants

could pay the fines imposed upon them that Judge Crowley was about to scratch his signature on a blank commitment paper that should bear Henry's name when Clark stepped before him again.

"Your Honor," he said, "I know this man. I know where I can get a job for him and I would like to pay his fine."

Judge Crowley looked up in surprise and peered at Clark over his rimless glasses. Clark was not unknown to him, and he was surprised both at his affluence and his generosity, but Clark laid thirty dollars on his desk and he accepted the unexpected donation to the county coffers and set the vagrant at liberty.

Equally surprised was Henry at the sudden turn of affairs. In a daze he followed Clark and Mercer from the court room, mumbling his thanks and promising to work out the thirty dollars in whatever job it was they had for him.

"First, we'll eat," said Clark, with a grin. "Then we'll talk business. Business is all right after cakes and coffee. We're as hungry as you are."

The pair led Henry to Specs Dougherty's, which once had been a saloon, but now was a restaurant, its walls lined with sporting prints, its patrons largely sporting men. They seated themselves at a corner table which Clark and Mercer favored with their presence at almost every meal and soon were busy consuming wheat cakes, sausages, toast and pots of steaming coffee. So hungry were all three that they ate ravenously for a space without exchanging a word. Breakfast over, Clark and Mercer lighted cigars and Henry inhaled the smoke of a cigarette he had produced from a thin and almost exhausted package of a cheap brand.

"You see," said Clark, who usually did most of the talking for the pair, " we manage fighters. We brought Dummy Marshall down here from Chicago last week and beat Pat Riley, the heavyweight champion of the state. Pat is a wise old bird and had kidded a lot of young fellers out of beatin' him when they had him on Queer Street, but he couldn't talk to this guy. Funny part of it was we called Marshall 'Bill Buckley' and Pat, who never seen him before, didn't know he was deaf and dumb. You'd 'a' died laughin' to hear him tryin' to kid the Dummy."

Henry grinned.

"It must 'a' been funny," he said.

"It was," assented Clark. " 'Specially the finish. Riley got wise to what was goin' on and tried to make the Dummy think the bell had rang at the end of the fifth round. He dropped his hands and half turned away, thinkin' Marshall would do the same, but the Dummy knocked him stiff."

The three laughed at the description of the fall of the veteran.

"Of course," went on Clark, "we cleaned up big. We'd like to have kept Marshall because we could make a barrel of dough with him, but he belongs to Tony Kelly of Chicago. Now we're lookin' for another good boy and we think you're him."

"Well, I can fight," admitted Henry, "but I never had boxin' gloves on. I've done all my fightin' in bar rooms and freight yards and lumber camps, and I ain't afraid of nobody. I'd just as leave fight as work at anything else, and if you think I can fight in the ring, why it's all right with me. When do I fight?"

CLARK and Mercer grinned and exchanged glances. Their protege seemed willing enough.

"We don't know that yet," said Mercer. "We'll have to make a match for you first. Before that, thoiugh, we want to see you work in a gymnasium so we can tell what kind of a guy to steer you up against."

"Well, I'm ready for this gymnasium business when you are," replied Henry. "Now that I got somethin' to eat I feel able to lick anybody."

"Come around to Styler's Gymnasium this afternoon at three o'clock," said Clark. "And don't eat nothin' between now and then. Even of you do feel ambitious because your stomach's full, you can't fight on a full stomach. Take a walk around the town to settle your breakfast and then loaf until three o'clock. We'll have a guy there to try you out."

The trio separated at Dougherty's door, Clark and Mercer to go in quest of a man to put the first test to Henry, Joe to spend his time as best he could until the hour appointed for his appearance at the gymnasum.

Promptly at three that afternoon Joe poked his head in the door of Styler's Gymnasium, the cramped, poorly equipped training quarters of the ordinary run of ham-and-egg fighters who appeared at the weekly shows of the Hammersville Athletic Club in Bramwell Hall. It happened that the gymnasium was deserted of all save Styler himself, a pot-bellied, coarse-featured, middle-aged fellow, who had been a fighter of indifferent skill; Clark and Mercer and a beefy-faced chap, whose once solid form now appeared soft and pudgy in an ill-fitting one-piece gymnasum suit. Henry surmised that this was the fellow on whom he was to demonstrate his fitness for the ring and decided he would make short work of him.

That none of the usual gymnasium frequenters was present was very much to the liking of Clark and Mercer. They didn't want Henry's tryout to be viewed by any more than were necessary, for if he performed disappointingly they didn't want it noised about town that they had picked a dead one. On the other hand, if he appeared as promising in action as he did in repose, it would serve their purpose just as well if this were kept quiet for a time.

"Come in, Joe," said Clark, as the newcomer stood at the threshold. "Shake hands with Mr. Styler and Charlie Day. Charlie, here, used to do a lot of fightin' in this town and he's agreed to see what you can do. Here's some trunks and shoes I think will fit you. Take your things off."

As Henry stripped, the onlookers noted with approval his sturdy frame and excellent condition. Riding the rods, working hard at whatever employment he could get, and enforced abnegation of the luxuries of life had kept Henry's body in magnificent shape. His muscles were well developed and pliant, his stomach flat and ribbed with sinews and the sloping, slightly rounded shoulders betokened great hitting power.

Henry became uneasy only when a pair of worn six-ounce gloves were adjusted to his hands. He wriggled his hands in them and didn't seem to know exactly what to do with them. Plainly, he would have preferred doing without them, but this seemed out of the question, and he did not suggest the bare-handed struggle he would have welcomed.

"YOU'RE to go six rounds of two minutes each," said Clark, pulling out a watch reclaimed from the local pawnbroker the day following the triumph of Dummy Marshall. "Are you ready? Wait a second—all right! Go to it."

Henry, scowling fiercely, advanced upon Day as though he were about to rend him limb from limb, and had not the others been present it is possible that he would have come too close to suit Day to the accomplishment of his apparent purpose. Wasting no time in sparring, he battered savagely away

(*Continued on page* 17)

Shadows of the Past

Charley Mitchell

By ADRIAN LISTINA

ONE of the most celebrated figures in the annals of Fistiana, was the late Charles Watson Mitchell, familiarly known as Charley Mitchell, around whose shapely waist was wound in the days of his prime a beautiful belt of massive silver, emblematical of the title of "Premier boxer of England," held by him indisputably from December, 1882, until January, 1894.

Mitchell's father was for twenty-nine years a soldier in the British army, and, upon retiring to civil life he became curator of Sydenham Medical College, at Birmingham, England, where his son Charles, the youngest of the nine Mitchell children, was born, November, twenty-fourth, 1861. Charley was a born boxer. His spare time, as a boy, was spent in boxing with the Sydenham College students. He did not at first have any thought of adopting a pugilistic career for he was ambitious to become a chemist.

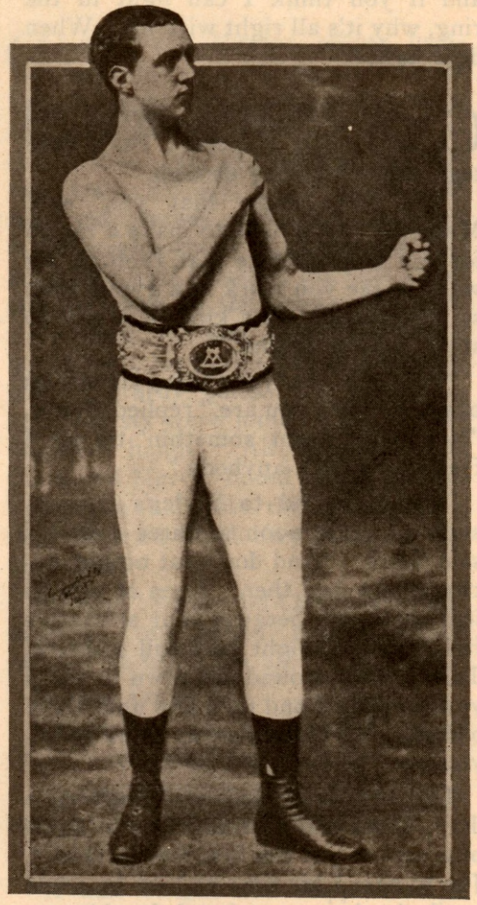
In the Mitchell family, however, he who did not work, could not eat, and Charley's first job, taken under the stress of stern necessity, was that of general utility man at a theater in Wolverhampton, near Birmingham. Here, to use Mitchell's own words, "he was at the beck and call of everybody, but got thanks for nobody." Not liking this position he did not long retain it and was soon again in search of work.

One night, about this time, he attended a proposed boxing match, and while the spectators were awaiting the beginning of the bout, the manager of the affair, let it be known, that one of the principals had injured his thumb and could not appear, at the same time among the spectators would agree to act as a substitute for the injured boxer.

MITCHELL quickly volunteered to do so, and knocked his man out in the first round. The spectators showed their approval by showering some silver and a few gold coins upon him. "Well," thought Mitchell, if it's this easy, I'll try it a while longer," for the jingle of the coins falling at his feet was sweet music to his ears.

To be, or not to be, a pugilist, was the question. After all, thought Mitchell, why not? Thus he threw his hat into the ring and became a professional ringman.

On January 11, 1878, Mitchell whipped Bob Cunningham, at Selby Oak, near Birmingham, in fifty minutes for fifty dollars—a dollar per minute. He next beat C. Smithers in October, 1879, and, in February, 1880, at Antwerp, he faced Caryadoff, "The Belgian Giant," who weighed 224 pounds. In this encounter, Mitchell, who was only a lightweight, weighing but a 132 pounds, knocked out the Belgian in four rounds.



CHARLEY MITCHELL

On June 15, 1881, Mitchell fought Jack Burke, a Jewish boxer from Manchester, erroneously called the "Irish Lad," a long drawn out draw which lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. At the conclusion the fighters were arrested and jailed and served a sentence of six weeks at hard labor.

In April, 1882, Mitchell, who already was king of the English lightweights, became middleweight champion of England by winning a middleweight boxing tournament at Chelsea, England, and, in December of the same year, he defeated all contestants in Billy Madden's series of elimination bouts held in London.

Mitchell was a pert and dapper little fellow then, with a captivating air of cocksuredness about him. He had gained his knowledge of the fight game in almost nightly bouts at "The White Bear," and "The Blue Anchor," famous sporting resorts of that day near Birmingham.

SEEING how well Mitchell handled himself Madden decided to bring Mitchell to America, with the result that they arrived in New York on Sunday, March 25, 1883, on board the steamer "Republic." They were met by a great crowd at the dock and an army of reporters on shipboard. Mitchell's round, rosy, merry face was good to look at. There was a twinkle in his bright blue eyes, as he came ashore smartly dressed and carrying a cane, his curly hair topped by a silk hat.

The crowd raised a cheer when he came ashore for his first peep at the land where he was to find fame and fortune, but a bystander voiced the crowd's opinion of the little Englishman when he said: "Is that the fellow that's going to fight Sullivan? Really, I thought Madden had more sense." In plain English, the mob, and some of the "wise ones," were a bit skeptical of Mitchell's ability at the outset, just as they were in Carpentier's case—they all thought him too small, while some of them doubted his courage and ability to "stand the gaff."

Mitchell proved a versatile and variously accomplished sportsman. He was, for instance, good at fencing, bowling, and wrestling. He rode well, was a fair shot, a good billiardist, an accomplished swimmer—a veritable duck in the water—danced divinely, substituted an occasional cigar for the endless cigarettes of the present day, was a good judge of fine wines and whiskies, understood poker very well and played hearts at every opportunity. He brought, too, considerable polish

with him and soon became the hero of many columns of florid press comment in which he was depicted as an English gentleman, an Oxford graduate and the proud possessor of the most perfect manners. He did not bring as many fancy ties to America as did Georges Carpentier, but came over with a formidable array of trunks, nevertheless.

As in Carpentier's case a trial horse was pitted against him, Mike Cleary serving as the Battling Levinsky of the occasion. Cleary lasted only three rounds. The police stopped the fight because he was outclassed. The Englishman was matched with Sullivan after the Cleary bout, and met John L., May 14, 1883, Madison Square Garden, but was bested by the "Big'un."

AFTER the first meeting with Sullivan, Mitchell toured the west, beating Billy Lynn, and Denny Hayes, in the same ring, at Leadville, Colorado, July, 1883. He next faced Bill Sheriff, "The Prussian," in a six round draw at Flushing, L. I., in October, 1883. At the conclusion of the sixth round, the men boxed an additional round without settling the question of superiority.

On March 20, 1884, Joe Denning, a 200-pounder, went down repeatedly under Mitchell's punches, being beaten in four rounds in New York City. March 26 of the same year, Jake Kilrain and the Englishman went four rounds to a draw in Boston. And on October 13 Charley met his first defeat, losing a four round bout to Dominick C. McCaffrey in Madison Square Garden.

October 21 Mitchell drew for the second time with his old antagonist, Jack Burke, over the four round route, and November 24, his birthday, the Briton boxed another four round bout to a draw with "The Irish lad." Both these contests took place in New York City.

At Toronto, Canada, in February, 1885, Mitchell "strutted his stuff" before the Canadian fans when he outpointed the Canadian champion, John F. Sholes, in four rounds, before some fifteen hundred spectators, among whom were his Excellency, Governor-General Sir Eric Robertson, at whose residence Mitchell called for a friendly chat some few days later. Mitchell next met Mike Cleary in a four round bout at San Francisco, Mitchell beating Cleary badly but the affair was called a draw.

ANOTHER Mitchell-Burke contest comes here—these men faced each other almost as often as Steve O'Donnell and Peter Maher, and again it was a draw. In 1886, Mitchell tried conclusions with "Patsy" Cardiff at Minneapolis. It was a four round draw, and the police would not permit even a single round more.

But in June, 1886, at Chicago, the vexed question of the relative superiority of Mitchell and Burke was finally settled conclusively. For eight rounds the men boxed as pretty a set-to as one would care to see, and referee Bill Bradburn ordered the men to fight two more rounds. When the gong clanged for round nine, Charley went at Jack "Like a bull at a gate." The tenth session was but a repetition of the ninth, and when it was over Burke was covered with blood and all but out.

July 28, 1887, was the date of Mitchell's next encounter, which occurred at Cleveland, Ohio, his opponent on

AND now we come to Mitchel's much discussed thirty-nine round draw with Sullivan in France, March 10, 1888. This battle is worthy of a separate chapter of comment. After it Mitchell toured the United States more industriously than ever, first with Jake Kilrain and later, 1891-92, with Francis Patrick Slavin, the Australian heavyweight. Later still, with Jim Hall, likewise an Australian.

In March, 1892, Mitchell easily beat Arthur Upham, in six rounds in New Orleans, the arena being a-flutter with the flags of all nations. More than once Mitchell simply stood still and dodged Upham's blows with the utmost ease.

After Sullivan's dethronement, Mitchell at once threw down the gauntlet to Corbett, who promptly accepted his challenge, and once more Mitchell came to America in quest of the belt, but was quickly beaten in a three round contest at Jacksonville, Florida, January 25, 1894. Mitchell never entered the ring again. He died in his fifty-seventh year., at Hove, near Brighton, England.

He was perhaps the first exponent of straight hitting in the American ring.

THE TRIPLE CROSS

(*Continued from page* 14)

at the trial horse, who, bewildered by the speed and force of his attack, broke before him. His none too skillful guard swept aside or shattered by the pounding fists of the stranger, Day sought to clinch.

Henry evidently believed Day had in mind hurling him to the floor, this being a favorite maneuver in the fighting circles he had known hitherto. His left arm flashed around Day's neck, drawing his head forward. He then planted two punches in his face, tripped him, and, falling with him, continued to maul him.

Clark and Mercer leaped upon him and managed, after a struggle, to pry him from the almost unconscious Day. Throwing the pair off, Henry returned to the attack, and this time drew back his foot to kick his prostrate opponent. Again Clark and Mercer flung themselves at him, Clark attempting to pin his arms, Mercer frantically clutching him about the legs.

"Stop!" Clark cried. "Stop it! Do you want to kill him?"

Henry suddenly subsided, but his face still was drawn in a scowl.

"No," he said, "but you wanted to see me lick him, didn't you?"

"I wanted to see what you could do with him," said Clark, "but I didn't want a rough-and-tumble fight. What were you goin' to do, kick him?"

"Sure," said Henry, gazing at him placidly enough this time.

Clark looked at him in amazement.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "You dont call that fightin', do you?"

"Sure," responded Henry, blandly. "What do you call it?"

"Well, I suppose I'd call it fightin', too," Clark admitted, "but that ain't the kind of fightin' we want you to do. I see you don't know nothin' about ring fightin', but you can't pull that stuff in the ring. You can't hold a guy around the neck and smack him, like you did and you can't throw him down. You can't kick him, neither. If you do, you get disqualified."

"All right," said Henry, "I'll learn, I guess. Is it all over?"

"It is, as far as I am concerned," mumbled Day, who had been assisted to his feet by Mercer and Styler and now slumped on a chair. To Clark he said: "Where did you get this guy—in the jungle?"

"Are you insineratin' I'm a monkey?" demanded Henry.

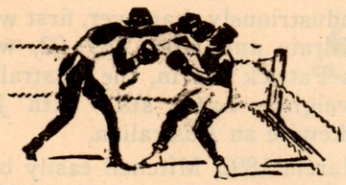
"Hey! Nix!" cried Day, in alarm. "Lay off me. I didn't mean nothin'. But I thought we was goin' to box."

"We did,' said Henry. "What are you kickin' about?"

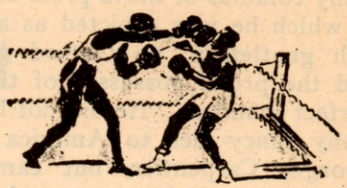
"Nothin'," hastily said Day. "But if you was boxin, I don't want to be close to you when you start to fight. Gimme my clothes. I'm leavin'."

"I guess you'll do," said Clark to Henry, turning from Day. "But you got to learn to cut out that rough stuff. I think I can fix up a match for you next Tuesday night at the club. Here's ten bucks. Go find yourself a room and see me every day at Dougherty's. I'll fix it so you can eat there."

(*To be continued*)



As We See It



By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor

Many Big Arenas, Few Attractions

THE scarcity of first class talent in all divisions of boxing is giving New York promoters severe headaches. With six big outdoor arenas and baseball parks vieing with each other for patronage this summer, it seems highly improbable that the promoters will emerge with much to show for their efforts. There is plenty to be made if the proper attractions are staged, but where are the attractive matches to come from?

Despite the disastrous summer last year, clubs that were on the verge of bankruptcy in 1925 again have come to the front with announcements that they will run several big matches. This, however, seems improbable judging from the difficulty encountered by "Tex" Rickard, Humbert Fugazy, Tom McArdle, and Jimmy Deforest, representing the biggest boxing clubs, to obtain any matches worth while.

Rickard is certain to clinch at least two big contests, and each of his three leading rivals most likely will arrange for one bout that will bring forth a good sized gate, but with so many arenas in the field and so few matches in view because of the tremendous demands of the prospective contestants, we fear a lean summer is in store for the Metropolitan promoters.

* * * * *

Boxing in Chicago

CHICAGO, among other cities in Illinois, through local option, has voted for the legalization of boxing. The move in the Windy City means much for the followers of the sport in Chicago, but it means considerably more to the fistic game throughout the country. Already another big arena, the Madison Square Garden of Chicago, has been planned by Rickard and boxing will be placed on a higher plan in the Middle West than it ever was before. Better boxing is certain under Commission rule.

Illinois, after a quarter century of "wild cat" boxing and all of the evils which go with it, has followed the footsteps of New York and California and although not quite on as broad a scale, has decided to permit its citizens to have boxing if they want it.

* * * * *

New York Shows Way

BOXING has its good points and its evil, but the evils are far from being as bad as Blue Law agitators would have them pictured. New York has shown that the sport, under proper control, can eliminate really all the factors which make boxing objectionable in some sections of the country. Chicago with its new regime can do likewise.

The ills in any sport become aggravated when there are no supervisors to cure or check them, but Commission rule is almost a sure cure.

It was the fake fight between Terry McGovern and Joe Gans that killed boxing in Chicago a quarter of a century ago, and now that the game is protected by the state, it is safe to predict that the promoters, matchmakers, fighters and citizens of Chicago, will see to it that no more unsavory contests will be staged.

* * * * *

Boxing Dinner Great Success

THE first annual dinner of the Boxing Writers' Association of Greater New York was the biggest thing of its kind ever held and augured well for future events of that association. Many of the 1,300 who attended the notable function at once bespoke invitations to the 1927 dinner.

The most remarkable feature of the dinner came in the speech of Mayor James J. Walker of New York,—the Metropolis's own "Jimmy." His Honor is close to all sports and is especially interested in boxing, for he will be found at the ringside at all important contests in New York.

"I am ready to lend the help of every policeman in this city to drive the thug out of boxing," said Mayor Walker.

* * * * *

THE Mayor means business. He knows that boxing itself is as clean as baseball, track athletics or any other sport. But he knows that some of the gentry who have been infesting some of the boxing clubs are not exactly a credit to the sport or themselves.

"If boxing is killed, it will happen because of the shortcomings of those in the game, and not through any fault of the sport itself," continued Mayor Walker.

Here again the mayor hit the nail on the head. The reformers cannot kill boxing. They cannot make a dent on the surface of the boxing situation if those who live by and off the game behave themselves. Boxing's most dangerous enemies are men who are in it, making their living off it, depending on it for their bread and butter.

* * * * *

IN the past some of these men have been shortsighted. Some have been vicious. But with men like Mayor Walker supporting the game and men like the Boxing Commissioners of New York running things, we think that boxing is safe.

It will be the serious mission of the boxing writers of New York, individually and through their new oganization, of which Wilbur Wood of the New York Evening Sun is president, to keep a weather eye on the situation and seek out any suspicion of irregularity,—and let the chips fly where they may.

The Boxing Writers' Association of Greater New York has before it a brilliant future and a serious labor. As publisher of The Ring and one of the Board of Directors of this organization, we pledge our whole-hearted support both individually and through The Ring, to the work of the Boxing Writers' Association.

* * * * *

Would Bar Filipinos

A MILWAUKEE surgeon who made the autopsy on "Clever" Sencio Moldez announces that the little Filipino died because he was unfitted structurally for the severe regimen of the professional ring. He adds that all Filipinos are not adequate to the rigors of severe fighting and perhaps should be barred from the ring.

It seems impertinent for the editor to give argument to so able a man as the surgeon in question, but how is any man to say that any one people or any one race is not qualified to fight?

How are we to say that native Americans are better suited than native Filipinos or native Chinese?

Of course, it would be out of the question to bar all Filipinos from boxing. They would resent this action bitterly and they would have justice on their side. They are extremely nationalistic people and any action such as is advocated by the surgeon would be a blow to their pride.

It is true that Young Dencio, Pancho Villa and Sencio all have died after hard fights.

But is there any basis for saying that it was more than a coincidence?

A Day to Be Remembered

MONDAY, April 12, will be remembered as a day marked by several ffstic upheavals. Not in several years have so many upsets been recorded in one day as on the above. Ad Stone, matched to meet Jack Delaney in the opening show at Ebbets Field, in Brooklyn, received a double knockout when he was stopped in two rounds by Tony Marullo and lost his chance to earn a little fortune by fighting Delaye. Rocky Kansas, world's lightweight champion, received a trouncing from Pal Moran in a ten round bout and Dave Shade and Frank Moody fought so poor a contest that both were ordered from the ring and the bout was declared no contest.

It will be recalled that "Mushy" Callahan gave Moran his first knockout of his career on the Coast a few months ago and to all appearances Moran was eliminated from the field of championship contestants. Apparently Kansas has gone back considerably. Fortunately, for Kansas, the bout was at catch weights or a new title holder would have been crowned.

* * * * *

A Good Move

THE New York Boxing Commission, upon refusing permission to Mickey Walker to go out of his class to fight Tiger Flowers for the world's middleweight championship, was criticized severely. The Ring commends the Boxing Commission for putting the ban on such a contest.

Walker has ignored many good boys in his own class who are clamoring for a chance at the title. Let him meet the fellows in his own division. Joe Dundee and Willie Harmon, among others, have been waiting eagerly for a chance to tackle Mickey. Why permit him to dodge them for a bout with Flowers? Perhaps, were such contest to be permitted, and Walker emerge the winner, we would have one more class in which the champion would remain inactive.

The New York Commissioners should be commended, not criticized, for offering protection to the sport. Let the champions stick to their own classes. There are plenty of lucrative matches available.

* * * * *

No Dodgers Then!

WHILE ring history records many instances in which champions and topnotchers went out of their class to fight, and in many cases these bouts resulted in some of the greatest contests in the annals of the American ring, it must not be forgotten that in those days we had no dodgers among the champions. They fought all comers, and fought often.

Among the boxers who went out of their class and often trounced heavier opponents were Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Tommy Ryan, Joe Choynski, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Stanley Ketchel, Joe Walcott and Harry Greb.

Greb, the modern of this number, has whipped many heavyweights. The Pittsburgh Bearcat gathered in the light heavyweight crown before he won the middleweight championship. Fitz, as a middleweight, caved in many heavies as did Walcott, who was only a welterweight.

McGovern used to knock out lightweights when Terry was only a feather and Ketchel floored Jack Johnson, who far outweighed Stanley. Walcott and Langford could whip most of the big heavyweights despite a big advantage in weight.

Those days, however, apparently are gone forever.

* * * * *

Bud Taylor and the Hoodoo

BUD TAYLOR, the Terre Haute bantamweight, seems to be living under a hoodoo.

Not so many months back Frankie Jerome of New York died after a bout with Bud in the old Garden.

Recently Clever Sencio, the Filipino, died after a battering at the hands of Taylor in Milwaukee.

Apparently, here is a fighter who punishes too much and hits too hard.

Here's a fighter who must pay the penalty for being too much a fighter. It's a paradoxical situation and a formidable one for Taylor.

He has become the Man Who is Afraid of Himself.

No sooner had the word gone out that Sencio had died than a Chicago promoter cancelled a fight which he had arranged between Taylor and Harold Smith. The hoodoo was at work again.

The mishap at Milwaukee was most deplorable from many anglees. For one thing, it claimed for its victim a little fighter who had given promise of developing into another star like Pancho Villa, his predecessor from the Philippines.

Sencio was a shifty, clever youngster who rarely failed to please the fans and who always fought a sportsmanlike, honest and clean battle.

Then there is the Taylor angle. He is talking of quitting. The hoodoo seems to be too much for him at a time when he is clamoring for a chance at the title.

* * * * *

Rickard Gets a Clean Bill

TEX RICKARD continues to set the pace for American boxing promoters. Not in the least upset over the announcement by Commissioner James A. Farley of the New York State Boxing Board that Tex would be dealt with harshly for negotiating with Jack Dempsey, Tex went to the Board, placed his cards on the table, proved to the Commissioners that he had a perfect right to deal with Dempsey, because Jack is not, contrary to public opinion, on the ineligible list, and emerged from the meeting of the State Board a 100 per cent victor. In short, instead of being ousted for antagonizing the Commissioners, here is what the world's greatest boxing promoter accomplished:

Tex got the commission to go on record that Jack Dempsey was a perfectly eligible fighter and had been since July 17, 1925.

He got the promise of a renewal of his Madison Square Garden license and the granting of one for Yankee Stadium.

He got the commission to order Berlenbach to go through with his contract to box for Rickard at the Yankee Stadium on June 10.

He got a month's time to pursue negotiations with Dempsey, and to keep Harry Wills' hands tied during that period.

Rickard's victory was a sweeping one. He won at every salient point.

* * * * *

The Jeffries-Sharkey Fight

THE question as to whether George Siler erred in giving the decision to Jim Jeffries, then champion, after his memorable twenty-five round battle with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island never will die. It was raised again in the May issue of The Ring.

We got some interesting information about that battle and its results only recently from a veteran who was with Sharkey right after the sanguinary struggle.

"Dr. John Erdman, now one of the world's leading surgeons, could give the sporting world a great story about Sharkey's condition after that fight," said our informant.

"Dr. Erdman wasn't so famous in those days. The boys brought Sharkey from Coney Island to the doctor's office, near upper Sixth Avenue. Dr. Erdman marvelled at the physical makeup and constitution of the sailor. He said that never before had he seen a human being survive so terrific a battering.

"Sharkey had broken ribs, a boken nose, a battered face. His body above the belt was a bruised mass of flesh. Sharkey got perhaps the worst beating ever handed out in the modern ring.

"Siler made no mistake. Jeffries deserved the verdict."

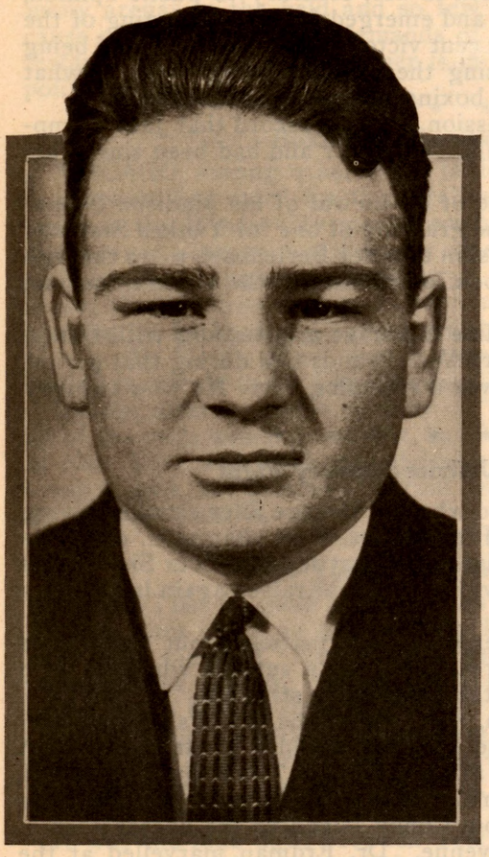
Perhaps Dr. Erdman will oblige and at this late date add to the interesting literature about one of the most bruising classics of the post-bare knuckle era.

Tommy Freeman Rises from Lumberjack to Fistic Fame—Dixie's Welterweight Hailed as Next Champion

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IT may take another six months, perhaps a year, but you can bet all the tea in China, as they say in polite cauliflower circles, that the youngster who stands the best chance of dethroning Mickey Walker is Tommy Freeman, the greatest prospect uncovered below the Mason and Dixon line in a blue moon.

If Freeman makes good the boast of his uncle-manager Bob Sangster, and there is every reason to believe Tommy has the tolls with which to knock Walker off his high perch, he will be the first lumberjack to reach



Tommy Freeman

the dizzy heights of stardom in the history of fistiana. More anon on his early career.

A few weeks ago one Eugene (Shuffle) Callahan parked his motor van outside Jim Mullen's East Chicago arena, walked into the club's dressing rooms, disrobed and then togged himself out in ring attire. A half hour later he stepped into the ring with Johnny Mendelsohn, seasoned and capable campaigner, and knocked him as flat as a planked shad.

Callahan's next opponent was Morrie Schlaiffer, rugged Omaha welterweight who had never been stopped. Callahan moseyed out of his corner, struck a boxing posture, feinted awkwardly and crossed his left hand (being a southpaw) to Morrie's chin, knocking out the man who had given Walker his hardest battle.

BOBBY BARRETT, fragile but dangerous Philadelphian, was Callahan's third victim. Shuffle flattened him in a half minute.

When Callahan met Barrett he was the most talked-of fighter of the moment. When he stiffened the redhead with a single blow Chicago critics, as well as many eastern writers, spoke of him as Mickey's successor. Columns were devoted to his achievements, his every movement was recorded in the Chicago prints.

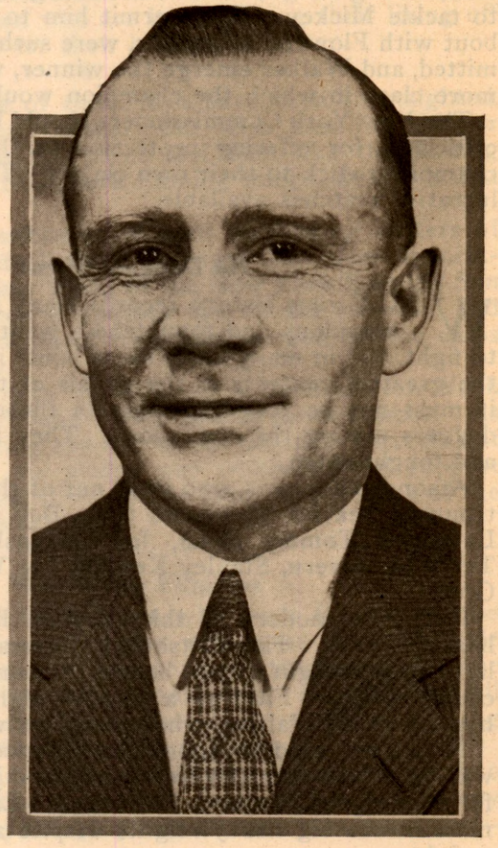
. . . . And then Callahan was matched to box Freeman at Cleveland. Congressmen, aldermen, sports writers, business men and plain fans from the Windy City invaded Cleveland to watch Shuffle punch Tommy into submission and to make expenses by wagering a few meggs on their idol.

Freeman, however, refused to be hurled over by the newest sensation. Instead he gave Callahan as bad a beating as any fighter ever received. He feinted Callahan into position and smashed him with straight rights to the jaw; blocked Shuffle's left with his right forearm and then ripped his right to Callahan's chin; shoved the Chicagoan back on his heels hundreds of times with straight lefts to the face and then, in the eleventh round, knocked out the gory mess.

And then it was Freeman, and not Callahan, who was spoken of as the next welterweight champion.

CLAIMS that Freeman is the best of the welters (at least of the challengers) are not without excellent foundation. This twenty-two year old lad who was born in the hills of Arkansas and began his pugilistic career in Hot Springs about five years ago. He has lost but one decision during the past four years. That was to Joe Dundee, of Baltimore, in a recent Madison Square Garden match.

For three rounds Freeman outboxed and outfought Dundee but in the fourth, he ran into a right uppercut to the mouth that drove his teeth through the flesh inside his mouth and brought a flow of blood that could not be stopped during the rest between the



Bob Sangster

fourth and fifth stanzas. So badly did Tommy bleed, that the referee refused to allow him to leave his corner for the fifth. Efforts are being made to rematch the pair and, basing one's opinion on the four rounds they boxed, Freeman figures to turn the tables on the Baltimorean.

Freeman's Garden bout with Dundee was his third appearance in Tex Rickard's big arena. He had previously knocked out Sergeant Sammy Baker and beaten Joe Simonich there.

Tommy first attracted national attention when he badly battered Pinkey Mitchell, so-called junior welterweight champion, in fifteen rounds at New Orleans. They had it out again a few nights ago. The manner in which he disposed of Mitchell really should have vaulted him into big time and important money but Tommy chose to remain around his Arkansas hills, boxing and beating any and all welters who chanced to journey near Hot Springs, Little Rock, El Dorado and other towns of that section.

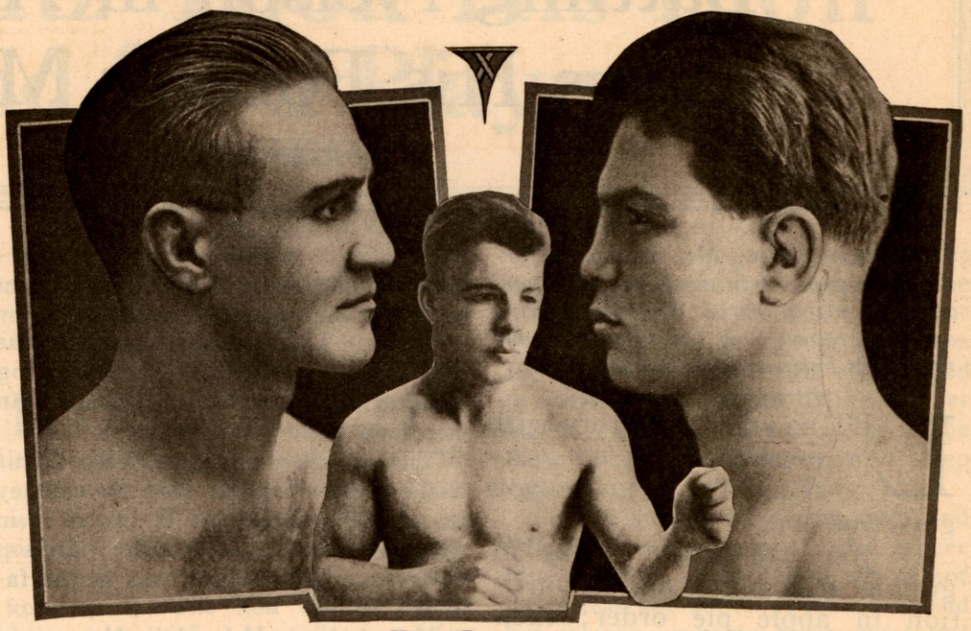
ABOUT a year ago he came north, making his headquarters in Cleveland. His first fight in the Fifth City was Dave Forbes, a rather capable ringster who was handled by Nate Lewis, veteran manager whose opinion carries much weight with all who know him. After Freeman had knocked out Forbes in two heats Nate said: "That Freeman boy is the next welterweight champion of the world." After watching Tommy dispose of a half dozen other fairly good boys around Cleveland, Matt Hinkel and Tommy McGinty coincided with Nate's prediction.

Then Freeman secured the Baker assignment from Jess McMahon, Rickard's matchmaker. He stopped the Sergeant dead in his tracks in seven rounds. Two weeks later he battered Simonich from pillar to post. Dundee came next, and then the Callahan debacle.

Tommy was born and raised in the mountainous country twenty miles outside of Hot Springs. He had a public school education. He sawed wood on his father's farm which consists of a couple of hundred acres. In his schooldays he was considered a crackerjack lumberjack. He attributes his marvellous physique to his lumberjack days. He is built like a piece of steel. There isn't an ounce of fat anywhere on his body.

Hunter Freeman and Flora Freeman brought five boys and two girls into the world. Tommy was the only one who essayed to quite farming in favor of boxing. Although none of his ancestors participated in ring duels Tommy came by his fighting in a natural way. His grand dad Tom Sangster saw John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Heenan, Jim Corbett in their palmy days, and he used to sit in at all the bare knuckle fights.

Three Belgian Champions



J. De Vos, Middleweight — *Harry Roose, Lightweight* — *J. Van Humbeeck Heavyweight*

TOMMY'S grandfather took him to see his first scrap. And right then and there the youngster resolved to pursue the manly art. Nothing could make him change his mind.

Freeman scaled 112½ pounds when he made his debut against a high school boy "bully." Although Tommy lost the "duke," meaning the decision, in three rounds, he was not discouraged. He became all the more determined to make good with his gloved fists.

In sixty-three starts Tommy has blown but four decisions, stopped twenty-four opponents and was held even six times.

His parents go to see him in all his fights when he shows around Hot Springs.

Freeman's hardest fight was with Red Hill, a tough, rough middleweight. They fought fifteen hectic rounds at New Orleans. Tommy got the decision but he had to fight like he never did before to keep Hill at bay.

Sangster, his uncle-manager, was a bit of a scrapper during the twenty rounds days on the Coast. He knows the game from A. to Z. He manages his nephew with an iron hand. He doesn't pick setups for him; his motto is to fight the best and give the public a run for their money.

Tommy has a younger brother named Carl who has all the earmarks of becoming a dangerous foeman in the same division. In his first three bouts Carl scored two kayos.

"We're anxious to get another bout with Dundee, and this time I'll wager Tommy will stop him," declared Sangster during a short sojourn in New York recently.

"I'll beat him sure," interrupted the quiet looking Freeman.

Tommy and his uncle make a happy combination. They deserve all the success in the world. Sangster can be located in room 404, Siedman Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

OLD TIMER MAKES APPEAL

(*Continued from page* 9)

I had many intimate talks with some of his sparring partners—Joe Lannon, Jack Ashton and McCoy, and I never will forget the latter's description of Sullivan's battle with a miner known as the "Hairy Man" of Butte, Mont. That was a treat in itself, and will keep until some other time, I have never seen it in print.

WHEN battles in public places became profitable and London prize ring rules obsolete it was the Big Fellow who made the Queensbury style of boxing popular, by offering large amounts to any one who managed to stay four rounds with him. He advertised his itinerary, enabling his local prospects in all parts of the country to whip themselves into shape, while he was in poor condition.

Followers of boxing, say a good word if you can, a bad one if necessary, but keep alive the name and fame of John L., "The noblest Roman of them all."

Battling Nelson in Affluence Says His Former Manager

By JOHN R. ROBINSON

(EDITOR'S NOTE—*Mr. Robinson, former newspaper man, was Nelson's manager for many years. He quit the ring and newspaper work ten years ago, and now is in business in Chicago*).

LET us start this story with a question.

Wouldn't it make you good and sore?

If you had spent weeks in getting a man's financial condition in apple pie order; then dressed him in clothes of the latest cut; then put his property in a trust so that sharpers could not prey on him, and finally, after inspection, had looked upon a first class financial and physical specimen—

If, after all the above, you had read story after story, written by reputable writers and published in reputable periodicals, that this same man was financially down and out, a physical wreck and a doddering idiot—

That has been my experience during the past **eighteen months, with** Battling Nelson, greatest little fighter of all time, as the subject.

Let me say now, that Nelson is sitting on top of the world, financially. He is in magnificent physical condition. He is enjoying life as a sane, healthy, carefree man of 44 can enjoy it. He is not a mental wreck, although he dwells much in the glory of the past, which same remark holds true with all of us who have passed forty.

Keeps Tabs on Nelson

FOR a generation I was closely associated with Nelson's affairs, financially, pugilistically and theatrically. Today my O. K. must be attached to any paper he signs before his trustee recognizes it, and no business move is made without my sanction.

Through his career in the ring, Nelson built up a false reputation for shrewdness and saving. In this he was not unlike many other famous pugilists.

Nelson was a plain "sucker" when he was making money. He earned almost a million dollars during his career. A quarter of it was stolen from him. Another quarter was paid out for legitimate bills. Another quarter was lost in bad investments. The remaining quarter Nelson still retains, due to an accident.

That accident was his faith in his father, to whom he sent the money so that his father could invest it in Hegewisch real estate. All the Nelson property in Hegewisch was in the father's name.

Nobody knew Nelson's weakness and credulity better than did his father. The old man, however, never was a business man. He knew nothing of income taxes, inheritance taxes, the necessity for liquid assets. He never realized that Bat's great ring earning powers must end.

Estate in Bad Shape

THE father died in 1919, leaving a will which put Bat's estate in trust, and named a realty expert as the trustee. But mortgages were due, interest unpaid, and scores of debts had accumulated. There was no cash on hand, and the will provided that no property could be sold excepting where the proceeds were to be immediately invested in approved bonds.

It took five years to get the estate in anything like good order. And in the meantime Nelson suffered. Before his earning power stopped, Bat's credit was unlimited, and he was fanatical with regard to paying his bills. Consequently, he had credit, and the liberal use of that credit swamped him during the lean years which followed his father's death.

I returned in October, 1924, from five years spent abroad, and found Nelson in a pitiful condition. He had one suit of clothes, shabby and worn, and mighty little to go with it. He was more than $10,000 in debt, with suits and judgments threatening him on every side. He owed everybody. The worry of the situation was making him a mental wreck.

Stepped Into Breach

NELSON gave me a power of attorney, which I still hold, to handle the wreck. Two Chicago lawyers evolved a way out of the situation, and took the necessary legal steps, which were too complicated to explain here.

Inside of six weeks we had Nelson straightened out. Now, from the rents of his houses, he has a nice income, paid semi-annually, but he cannot contract a debt of more than one half a month's income. Reserves are provided for taxes, insurance, repairs and all the other features of real estate management.

But Bat is bound, hand and foot, against himself and the foolishness which accounted for the loss of thousands of dollars in the past.

Can't Be "Sucker" Now

IF any Florida real estate agent, any automobile man, any purveyor of stocks or bonds, wants to sell Bat something, first he has to pass the gauntlet of his advisers, who are busy men and hard-boiled eggs.

I had a long letter from Bat a few days ago. He is traveling in the west, telling stories of the past, meeting old time friends, enjoying himself, and living the life of Reilly.

He carries his check book, as of old, and on the first and fifteenth of every month there's deposited to the Great Dane's credit the regular installment, just as regularly as the dates roll around.

So let us have no more of Battling Nelson being down and out!

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When Fitz Took His Lion Around for a Playmate

By DINK FREER

NEVER did Bob Fitzsimmons travel in New England, but he stopped over in Bridgeport to see his old friend, Fred Bullen, who conducted a restaurant. Bullen was a powerful Englishman who had spent many years among fighters and managed them and for a long period he did not miss a good bout in New York or Connecticut.

Came a day when Fitzsimmons was showing in a theatre in Bridgeport and he had his pet lion. He led the lion into Bullen's and the customers in the place hurried out of rear doors and through windows. Bullen saw his patrons in flight and asked Fitz what he meant by bringing his beast into the place and scaring the men who were having their lunch or were getting an aperitif at the bar.

Fitz said there was no occasion to be alarmed as the lion would not injure any one. He said he would give an illustration to demonstrate just how harmless his nice pet was. He reached into a glass case, pulled out a big, luscious porterhouse steak, let it slide down the lion's throat and then yanked it out. He explained that this showed that the lion had a nice disposition, permitting him to withdraw such a good piece of corn-fed beef.

FITZ put the steak back into the case. Bullen took the steak out and threw it into the street. "Hey," he shouted, "who do you think wants to eat a piece of meant that has been down the throat of that dirty, mangy old lion? Now, take that beast out of here and keep out and don't ever come into my place again." Fitz left and his heart was broken.

From Bullen's, he went to the Turkish bath conducted by Professor Atlas. Atlas was a big Canadian who had been a heavyweight wrestler. The baths were in a basement and Fitzsimmons stopped at the stairway to speak to an acquaintance. Fitz stopped at the entrance but the lion continued down the steps and walked unannounced into the bath place. Atlas was stripped except for a small loin cloth and a politician of local prominence was asleep upon a marble table, with his face against the wall and his body exposed.

Atlas began to sweat when he saw the lion and the perspiration rolled off him as if he had been in the steam room of his place. He did not know what to make of it as he did not know where the lion came from.

HE remembered reading once that a lion would not touch a dead person so he folded his arms, closed his eyes and tried to make out that he was dead. Of course, with the sweat pouring off him, he did not resemble a corpse and an ignorant lion would know this. The lion walked up to Atlas and swished his tail to and fro and sniffed of the big wrestler's legs. Atlas was scared stiff.

But the old lion got a glimpse of the politician asleep and went over to give him a lick with his tongue. Now, the tongue of a lion is a good deal like a file. One lick was all that was needed to awaken the politician, he turned over and saw the lion, gave it a slap in the face, turned over and went to sleep again.

Fitz came down by this time and Atlas had never been so glad to see him. Unlike Fred Bullen, Professor Atlas was not angry at his old friend but it was probably because he had not recovered from his fright.

Tribute to Frankie Jerome, True Sportsman

By FRANK McNEILL

IN the list of great fighters who never became champions it would hardly be fair not to include the name of Frankie Jerome, that plucky little bantam who met his untimely end after a spectacular battle with Bud Taylor in the old Garden on Friday, January 11, 1924.

Frankie was born, lived and died in a neighborhood that might be compared to the Kerry Patch of St. Louis. This section of Mott Haven is populated almost entirely by sons of Old Erin. Here the Doyles, Ryans, Devlins, Farringtons, Dohertys, Carrolls and O'Neills held sway. Some boxing fans were of the opinion that Frankie was other than the son of an Irishman, but his full name was Frankie Jerome Doherty.

JEROME started his boxing career, as many other pugilistic stars did, in the old Fairmont A. C. about ten years ago. I can remember Frankie in his first battles, a thin, raw-boned kid with a pair of hands that moved back and forth like piston rods, but scarcely doing much damage. His speed and cleverness usually won for him. Two of his early battles come to mind, one with Tommy McGuigan, now on the Keith circuit, and a neighborhood rival at that time, and another with Eddie Smith. Frankie won both contests, but did not take boxing seriously.

Frankie did some boxing here and there before the World War, but did not do anything impressive. And here is something that more than anything else shows the character of this happy-go-lucky lad that was the pride of his neighbors. He had a war record but never used it to further his pugilistic standing.

Returning from France, he started to take his boxing seriously. It would be hard to say which was his greatest fight. His battle with Harry London, at the Commonwealth, stands out. Frankie won a clean-cut decision. His battles with Carl Duane in the old Garden were real treats.

THE night Joe Lynch regained his title from Johnny Buff at the New York Velodrome, Frankie met Jack (Kid) Wolfe of Cleveland, one of the toughest bantams who ever stepped into the squared circle, and give him the most artistic lacing of his career, knocking him down at least fifteen times. Seven of these knockdowns occurred in the first round. Jerome would have been a champion if he had been lucky enough to be paired with Buff that night.

Boxing in Europe

By SPARROW ROBERTSON

PARIS, May 2.—(Special Correspondence of The Ring).—The fiasco in which Paolino, the Spanish heavyweight, knocked out Harry Drake of England in the Cirque de Paris, practically with one blow, hit boxing with a thud here, but fortunately, the French Boxing Federation acted so quickly, that it checked whatever permanent harm might have come from the one-sided affair. Drake received one stiff blow in the stomach and called it a day. The crowd went into an uproar and accused both Paolino and Drake of being in a frame-up.

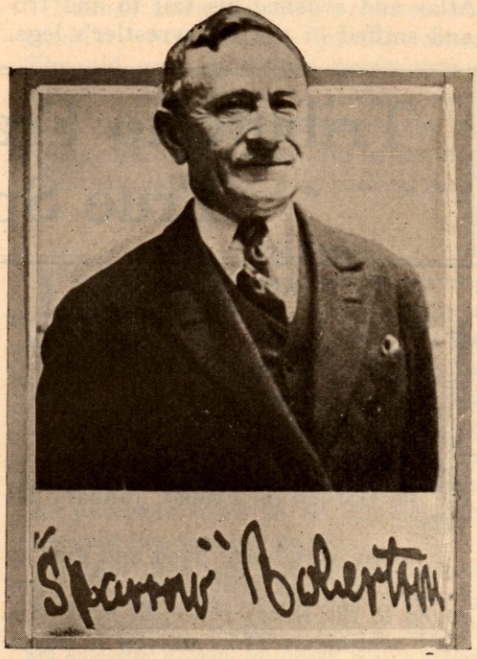
This charge, however, was disproved and the entire blame was placed upon the shoulders of Drake and his manager. Both Paolino and Descamps, his manager, were exonerated, as was Jeff Dickson, the American promoter. The investigation showed that none of these three had done anything unethical. They placed the blame on Drake who was not in proper condition and was scared stiff before the bell started the proceedings.

The sooner Europe puts a check upon the further appearance of men like Drake, the better for the sport. Boxing has no place for them and they should be barred.

The best English boxer in the middle or heavier classes that has fought in Paris for some time is Gypsy Daniels, a corking good middle-weight, who met and defeated the champion of France, Francis Charles, in a ten round bout fought at the Velodrome d'Hiver, on April first. It was a point decision and the "Gypsy" won six out of the sessions, two went to Charles, and two were about evenly contested. The Frenchman is one very tough fellow, but the "Gyp" was too clever for him, and managed to avoid many of the stiff blows that the Frenchman aimed at him.

At the same entertainment there was a fifteen round contest for the European light-weight championship, between the holder Lucien Vinez, who was recently in the States, and another Frenchman named Jules Alverel. The bout was a most uninteresting one from start to finish; what little done went to the credit of Vinez, and he still holds on to the title by being awarded the judges' decision.

Fred Bretonnel, the French boy that was matched to meet Johnny Dundee, in Paris some time ago, a match that did not materialize on acocunt of the running out of Dundee, was defeated by a very clever young French lightweight by the name of Bob Sirvain. The latter will now have the next crack at Vinez for the European title.



BOXING is going big in Edinburgh, Scotland. The last fight of any importance was between Jack Hood, of Birmingham, England, and the Scottish middle-weight, Alec Ireland. The Englishman won on points, and he did that practically with one hand as his right which he broke in a fight he had a few weeks previous with the Belgian, Verret, middle-weight, went back on him in the seventh round and for the other eight sessions he had to rely on his left entirely to score his points.

Hood had been through 80 fights and he has only lost one. He is just twenty-three years of age and appears to have a bright future before him in the ring.

In Birmingham, the fight fans are under the impression that in Hood, they have another Charlie Mitchell, as far as fighting goes. Although Mitchell was raised up in the old town of Birmingham, about the only fighting he did there was in the amateur ranks. When Charlie was in his teens he set out for London to look for some kind of a job. He had very little coin in his jeans, and what he did have ran out after a few ydays in the big town and he was left stranded.

While hunting through the city for something to do to earn at least a little feed money he came to a hall where there was a bill outside stating that on the same night there would be a welter-weight tournament, for a purse of £10. Charlie went in to see the manager of the tournament, and after a long argument his entry was accepted.

Mitchell won the preliminary, semi-final and the final bouts all by knock-outs. That established Charlie Mitchell in the boxing world. Shortly after that night he was taken in hand by "Pony" Moore, the old theatrical man and the two cleaned up a lot of money in the boxing game. It was Mitchell himself that gave the writer the story of how he became a professional boxer, and that was over quarter of a century ago in the saloon of the Old London Theatre, in the Bowery, of New York.

ERNIE RICE and Alf Simmons, of England, had a twenty round contest at The Ring in London the latter part of March, and after a most spirited contest it was called a draw. Rice I am informed intends to make another trip to the States shortly.

Promoter Jeff Dickson, who is now the leading boxing promoter of France, runs off in connection with his weekly head line bouts, an eight man tournament, at different weights. The trials and semi-finals are run off on one week and the final bout the week following. The preliminaries are of three rounds,

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the semi-finals five rounds, and the finals are of eight rounds. He has decided two classes so far, middle and heavyweights and some very good material was seen in both classes.

Jose Santa "Camarao," the heavyweight champion of Portugal, fought a draw recently with a French heavyweight named Barrick. The fight took place in Lisbon, and drew a crowd of about ten thousand. Santa, who is a giant of 6 feet 5½ inches, and weighs around 235 pounds, received considerable punishment, and if the Frenchman had not butted the giant on a couple of occasions he might have received the decision.

Paul Samson-Korner, a big fellow who has fought in the States, is now in Germany and he has been doing fairly well. He knocked out Breitenstrater twice, and in another fight they went fifteen rounds and Samson claimed that he was robbed of the decision. He expects to fight Diener, the new German that stood off Paolino for ten rounds a short time ago. Samson who was present at the Paolino-Diener fight informed the writer that the decision should have gone to the "Lion" as he did the fighting and all the German did was to defend himself.

PROMOTER Dickson, of Paris has had many letters from American fighters regarding the write-ups in The Ring, about fighting in Europe. But all ask for guarantees, something that Dickson will not give. That is, he will guarantee a fair amount, but some of the managers have written as if they wanted the Bank of France to come to Europe. A fair fighter can be almost assured of making a clear $20,000 with a year's boxing in Europe under the Dickson management if the boxer can make good.

Another thing he will not pay any expenses for managers to accompany boxers who might care to come over. What could a manager do anyway? Dickson can arrange for fights in England and Germany better than any manager that does not know the ropes in Europe could do. It is useless for any boxer from the States to write to Dickson, requesting any big guarantee, or for any manager to write and try to do business. The writer can state positively to any of the American fighters that might care to come to Europe, that when they do business with promoter Dickson, they can rest assured that their interests would be carefully looked after by him, who is a man absolutely on the level.

The Dickson training farm is one beautiful place. It is in Normandy, on the way from Paris to Deauville. The quarters are situated on a mountain side, far away from any kind of temptations. The farm is well stocked, and all the eatables used for the table are home farm products. It is the ideal training place, and if a fighter cannot get fit there he can't get fit any where.

BOXING IN SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page* 12)

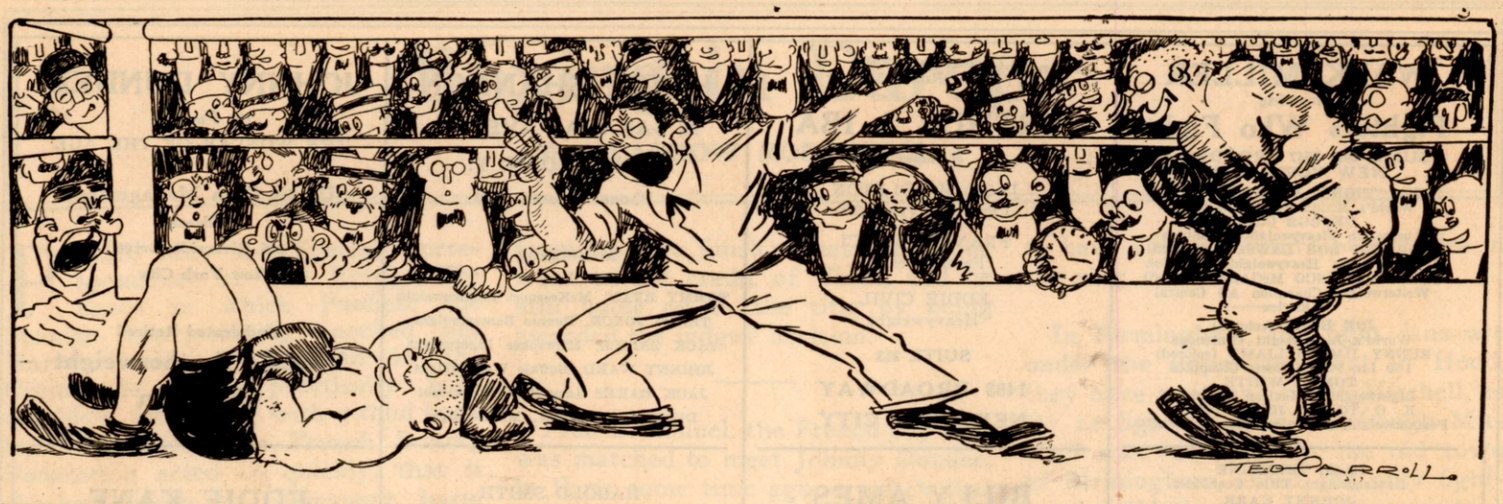
under the Roman plan at the present time. In years gone by promoters waxed fat through the gates that were taken in. They were good fights in those days, and the fans would lay it on the line to see them.

"The promoters got that idea that they were among the 'chosen people' who were put on earth to take in the money whether they gave anything in return for it or not. When 10-round boxing was voted into office again at the last election there were but two fight clubs working here in town. The fans expected that they would immediately start angling for good men to appease the appetite we had been so long in working up.

"But after a few months of 10-round fighting the 'prebilans,' or ordinary admittance-paying fans, began to wonder if they were ever going to see anything worth while.

"Monopoly is the cause of all the trouble. Give any man all his own way and he is not going to do his best work, and the same holds true for a business, the fight promotion being one of the biggest businesses in the country today.

"What we need is competition."



New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

PROBABLY no sport enters upon he open air campaign with as remarkable a string of upsets as pugilism. Outstanding surprises thus far have been the dethroning of Harry Greb as middleweight champion by Tiger Flowers, the defeat of Paul Berlenbach by Johnny Risko and the victory of Georgie Levine over Tommy Mulligan, British welter king. These reversals top a general upheaval, during which Honeyboy Finnegan was beaten by Joe Glick, Bud Gorman knocked out by Carl Carter, Babe Herman defeated by Red Chapman, Mike McTigue stopped by Jack Delaney and Georgie Ward floored for the ten count in two rounds by Harry Martone.

The indoor season saw the rise of two figures which proved profitable promotion investments. Delaney and Risko stood out as the ten sensations of the season. In the brief period of four months Delaney fought six matches, winning five of them and amassing a fortune estimated at well over $100,000.

Four open air arenas threw open their doors last month. Dexter Park in Brooklyn started the ball a-rolling. Then came a popular priced show at the Queensboro in Long Island City on May 25, followed by Jack Fugazy's debut as a real promoter at Ebbett's Field, Brooklyn, and a bang up card of bouts at Coney Island on the twenty-eighth.

With the circus out of the way, Tex Rickard reopened his arena in the new Garden on May 7. Ten nights later Edward J. Kenny staged the gigantic Catholic Big Sisters' show in which Stanislaus Loayza clashed with Phil McGraw, Willie Harmon battled Jack Zivic, Frankie Genaro and Bushey Graham resumed where they left off a year ago, and Tony Vaccarelli put Ruby Goldstein to the acid test.

Rickard also reopened his Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City the night following the benefit bouts. Charlie Doessereck, his matchmaker, served the fans with a delectable dish. The headliners were Georgie Ward and Harry Martone, preceded by Eddie Anderson and Johnny Kochansky. Tex intends to stage popular priced shows in the famous bowl from time to time. He also wants to keep it in shape in anticipation of putting on Dempsey with Gene Tunney in September. Wise old bird is Texy.

The Uptown Lenox shut down its doors after a profitable indoor season on May 10. Matchmaker Nat Rogers gave the customers good shows during the winter months. For the first time in two years a flock of figures were discernible on the right side of the ledger.

Another club to show a handsome return was the Broadway in Brooklyn. Andy Neiderreiter, the matchmaker, served some smashing bouts. With the exception of one or two shows, the S. R. O. sign was hung up for all the others. Like the Lenox, this was the first time in years that the old sluggery across the bridge made money.

The Pioneer on East Twenty-fourth Street had its share of hard luck, but all in all the backers earned a few thousand dollars.

Al Mayer, Luis Firpo's man Friday and a great booster for Luis Vicentini, is touting another prospect in the young person of Cy Schindel. He is a middleweight and former champion of the Marine Corps. He is a Hebrew by birth and of American origin.

Schindel, according to friend Al, was in the Marine Corps for three years, at the end of which time he received his honorable discharge. He travelled with the sea dogs to Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti, San Domingo, and other outlandish places. When not fighting for Uncle Sam he was doing his stuff in the ring with his buddies. When he left the marines a few months back, he fought down Virginia way. He had some thirty professional fights winning everyone of them.

After five long, weary months of constant training, he was matched with Johnny Locosco at the Broadway. It took Cy just thirty-five seconds to flatten his man. Five nights later, again at the same club, he faced the experienced Patsy Yodice. Patsy was lucky to Go four heats.

Two more veterans staged successful comebacks last month. They were Lew Tendler and Jack Bernstein. The former vanquished Jack McFarland in Newark, N. J., and the former Yonkers tornado took the measure of Tony Vaccarelli and bowled over Johnny Rocco. After flooring Rocco four times in the seventh and eighth rounds, Johnny's seconds refused to allow him to come out for the ninth. They used good sense.

Babe Herman celebrated his return to a Gotham ring after he blew his golden opportunity against Kid Kaplan, by defeating Georgie Balduc. Babe's performance was nothing to rave over, but he satisfied all hands that with one or two more good fights under his belt he will be ready to tackle Kaplan again. The Babe is an in an outer of the first grade. You never can tell when he is going to put forth his best efforts. Suffice it to state, however, that Jimmy Kelly's pride and joy is not out of the running for the mythical featherweight diadem.

Jerry Pelton, who discovered Andy Divodi, has another good boy in the making in Henry Usse.

The owners of the Coney Island Stadium played hosts to the local scribes at the Silver Slipper May 8. A good time was had by all.

Sam P. Hall had fourteen teeth extracted a few nights ago. The old boy was a soldier under fire. He was missing from his desk for nearly a week.

There is no stopping Al Tripoli, formerly Jackie Williams. The Olympic champion gained a clear victory over Benny Nabers in his last start at the Lenox. He is under the management of Lou Brix, the rotund Westchester lad who handled the late, lamenttd Frankie Jerome.

The efficient, courteous Frank Ferguson returned as boss of the box office at the Coney Island Stadium. Big Frank conducted the general sale for the Catholic Big Sisters' show. He is a wonder at his trade. His greatest asset is the courteous manner in which he handles the customers.

Jimmy Johnston is gratified with Yale Okun thus far. He took over the former amateur star a few weeks ago. In his first fight under Johnston's management Okun walloped the daylights out of Sergeant Jack Adams, of St. Louis. Okun looks like a pretty good prospect in the light heavyweight division.

Billy Gibson, manager of Gene Tunney, suggests that the boxing commissioons of all states where the sport is legal vote on the question as to who shall be named to oppose the heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey. Gibson contends that Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, California and several other states should be heard in the matter—at least, he feels that a majority vote would make the contender more of a national selection.

Sol Goldie, who helps Dan Caplin second Sid Terris in the ring, waxes enthusiastic over Archie Bell, his crackerjack bantam. Archie, who has fought with great success in the West, returned to his habitat in time to trounce Wee Willie Spencer. Bell is a sharp shooter of the first order. He doesn't waste a blow and seldom gets his hair mussed.

Talking about upsets, Jackie Snyder turned the tables on the much touted Chicago featherweight Ray Miller. Jackie gave the Westerner a nifty licking. When Snyder is right, he can hold his own wit the best of them in the 122-pound division. Scotty Montieth handles the Williamsburg lad.

While waiting for the Commission to make up its mind as to whether or not he could box Paul Berlenbach for Jack Fugazy, Jack Delaney picked up some easy money last month. He annihiliated King Solomon in a Hartford, Conn., ring, and then returned to strut his stuff behind the footlights at the Hippodrome. Delaney believes in the old adage, "making hay while the sun shines." Pete Reilly, his manager, says Jack will clean up another $100,000 before the outdoor season comes to an end. Delaney is regarded as the greatest fistic attraction in the country. Everywhere he shows they have to put in extra seats.

He may never be a champion, but Billy Palmer, son of the famous Pedlar Palmer, is a fighter every inch of him. The little Briton scored two successive victories in his American debut recently. He showed his best form against Bud Dempsey whom he beat with ease in Brooklyn. The youngster is a rough and ready scrapper and the harder he's hit the faster he comes in for more. He reminds one of the rough and tumble fighters of another era.

Billy McCarney is going to resurrect Charley Weinert soon. The Newark Adonis may face Jack Sharkey in Boston in another week or two.

Joe Jacobs is handling Bob Sage. Josephus managed a flock of good scrappers in his time, among them Mike McTigue and Benny Valger.

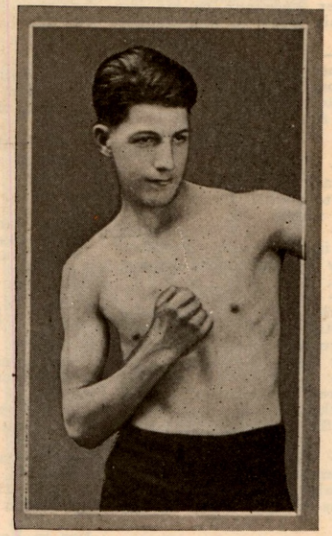
Benny Leonard made an ass of himself at the Boxing Writers' dinner. Instead of informing the large gathering as to whether or not he intended to fight again, Leonard pulled some gags that were as old as the hills. Benny, who is supposed to have some sense, was the bust of the evening. He is losing friends as fast as he made them.

Joe Dundee, who hasn't lost a fight hereabouts in his last four starts, is headed for the welterweight championship. The Baltimore Italian fought Willie Harmon last month. His manager has a number of offers to show his protege on the Coast.

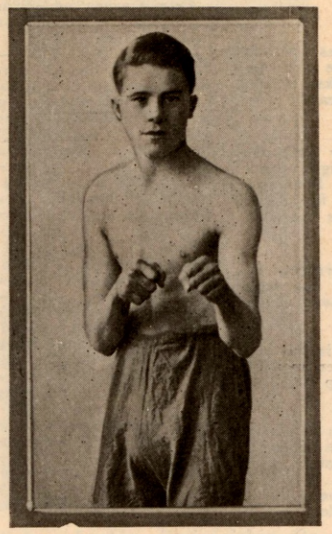
Harry Greb, Cabaret King, was sued for $100,000 by a chorine last month. She claimed that the former middleweight champion broke her heart. And that's that.

Ruby Goldstein, sensational East Side lightweight, demonstrated that he has all the earmarks of becoming the next champion by the easy manner in which he disposed of the tough Pep O'Brien. When Goldie becomes of age his manager intends to wage a campaign to drag Rocky Kansas in a ring with the youngster.

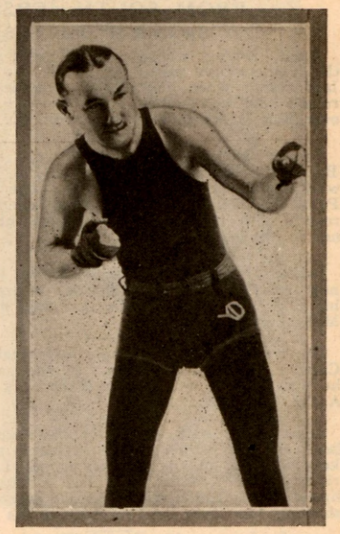
Willie Granieri, Connecticut Junior lightweight, formerly Willie Mack



Frankie Vance, Philadelphia fly-weight



Teddy Baldock, Crack London bantam of promise.



Al Murello, Connecticut flyweight champion of the National Guard

IN PHILADELPHIA

By ROSS S. KAUFFMAN

Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia light heavyweight, has passed up an attractive trip to the Pacific Coast in order that he can go through with his Sesqui-Centennial bout with Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman at the Municipal Stadium, June 17. Loughran will rest in the Poconos for several weeks and then finish up his training at Wildwood.

Joe Blake, a clever lad from Conshohocken, pines for more action. He has a big following and will be seen in action in a number of outdoor shows this summer.

Angel Guidici, hard hitting Italian lightweight who built up a reputation for knocking out his opponents, has run into a string of K. O. setbacks himself. Johnny Ketchell of Southwark was the latest to put him to sleep at the Broadway.

After being out of the ring for several weeks with a fractured nose, Harry Gimbel, is back in training again. He was injured while working out for a bout at the Cambria.

Philadelphia fans have taken kindly to Tommy West, the Trenton middleweight, who recently defeated Bobby Marriott of Baltimore in the final indoor show at the Arena. In his previous battle with Rock Smith, West also looked good. He is a straight puncher with plenty of power.

Tommy Ross, a promising young lightweight of this city, continues to pile up victories.

Lew Tendler, veteran Philadelphia lightweight, who is now a welter, felt so good after winning from Joe Reno at the shore, that he immediately signed up for three more bouts. Phil Glassman plans to have him box frequently this summer.

There is talk of the Atlantic City Speedway, half way between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, staging several big outdoor bouts this summer. The grandstand seats more than 30,000 and thousands of extra seats can be placed on the field near the ring.

Willie McNaul, Irish bantamweight, made his Philadelphia debut when he fought Jack Daley at the Cambria Club recently.

Benny Schwartz, former Baltimore fighter, who is now under the management of Phil Glassman, is not discouraged by his setback at the hands of Wilbur Cohen and is working harder than ever to fulfill several outdoor engagements.

Matt Adgie, West Philadelphia light heavyweight, came through nicely when he beat Jack Ketchell in the ten round windup at the Arena. These two slugging lads drew the second biggest crowd of the indoor season. Pete Moran plans a number of open air bouts for Adgie.

Frank Leichthammer, who met with success in conducting indoor boxing shows at Norristown the past winter, will stage open air bouts this summer. As Norristown is only eighteen miles from Philadelphia, it is handy for local fighters and fans.

After enjoying a good rest, Danny Kramer, hard hitting Philadelphia featherweight, is ready to step back into the ring. Manager Max (Boo Boo) Hoff has booked him for several outdoor appearances.

With Messrs. Taylor and Gunnis promoting shows at the Municipal Stadium, and Jules Aronson at the Phillies Park, there will be plenty of bouts in Phillie this summer.

HEARD IN WASHINGTON

By PATSY DONOVAN

Hugh Sweeney of Boston, now located in the Marines at Quantico, Va., scored a knockout over Johnnie Conroy in the feature bout at the exclusive City Club. Sweeney and Conroy were mixing it at a merry clip when Conroy went down from a right to the jaw. Conroy injured his ankle in going down and gamely tried to continue on his one foot but was forced to quit by Referee Heinie Miller. Johnny Braunstein, marine welter, won over Jack Stopany in the semi-final. Joe Comiskey game Billy Oden a licking in four rounds and Jack Cafonia did likewise to Billy DeAngleo.

The Aloysus Club offered Hugh Sweeney and Texas Stovall in the feature eight rounder in their monthly show and to the surprise of many, Sweeney gained an edge over the local Indian. In the early rounds Sweeney had a decided edge over the local boy but as the bout progressed Stoval seemed to get his bearings and was handing out more than his share when the final bell sounded. The fight was a hummer all the way and the boys have been rematched for a longer distance.

Open air shows were resumed in Maryland after May 1. The opening card brought together, Toney Cortex and Jimmy Ryan. These boys fought the fastest fight ever seen here a few months ago.

Matchmaker Miller has done considerable dickering with Al Foreman relative to a bout with Goldie Ahern and the latest development is that Ahern can not make the weight required by Foreman. It would sure pack them in Ahern-Foreman as much talk is going the rounds as to the best boy. Foreman has never been defeated here and looks forward to meeting Honey Boy Finnegan before long.

Harry Kid Groves, promising lightweight here, has been laid up with the measles which made it necessary to cancel two engagements. Groves is one of Washington's most promising fighters.

Toney Cortex will be a very busy boy during the month of May as his manager, Patsy Donovan has him lined up for three fights, one in Norfolk on the 13th, Jimmy Ryan at Washington on the 20th and Geo. Leslie in Maryland on the 28th.

Sammy Hogan, local bantam, has resumed training and will be seen at some of the local clubs soon, a year or so ago Sammy looked like one of Washington's coming boys, but as the game fell off Sammy lost interest.

Terry O'Day, local bantam has been going great out in Detroit during the past month. Terry won both his starts there. O'Day writes he will be back to Washington when the open air shows start going.

Jack Kendrick, local lightheavy, has been matched to meet Lindsay Bass at Portsmouth on May 21. This should be some fight as both boys hit plenty and can also take it.

Nick Ralston, local sailor bantam, surprised the wise boys in the Baltimore by boxing Buston Dundee a six round draw in a preliminary to the Wilbur Cohen-Benny Schwartz go. The Baltimore fans sure gave Nick a hand for his wonderful showing against the tough Dundee.

The Baltimore fans also received quite a shock when Cohen knocked out Schwartz, Benny was carrying the fight to his dark skinned opponent when he caught one on the button. It was a great fight while it lasted with Schwartz having a shade up until the final punch.

MINNESOTA GOSSIP

By MURRAY McLEAN

George Temple of St. Paul calls that day lost when he does not add another boxer to his stable. George has them of all weights and is kept busy getting matches for them. Among the boys under his management are Billy Schauers, Benny Ray, Mike Sauro, Red Corbett, Mickey Andert, Mike Mandell, Jimmy Cowl, Jack Clifford and Paul Lahaye.

Benny Ray made a trip to Cedar Rapids and met Sailor Larson and made his usual good showing.

Ray Stanchfield of Minneapolis has his bantamweight, Sammy Ratner, matched to fight Pete Sarmient at Green Bay.

Andy Campion's lightweight took a step up when he stopped Don Terror Long at Denver recently.

Wildcat Eddie Mason, little Italian featherweight of St. Paul, has returned from Chicago. Mason has been fighting out of the Chicago district for the past three months and has won eleven straight fights, three of them by knockouts. His last victim was Babe Ridley of Chicago at Oshkosh, Wis. Mason is one of the most promising boys in this part of the country and gets better with every fight.

Clyde Hull is down in Texas, where he is fighting regularly.

Roscoe Hall of Des Moines, who is well known in the twin cities, where he has met Sammy Leonard and Rusty Jones, is out in California and from all reports received here he is making good.

Jack Reddy had his middleweight, Dago Joe Gans, down to Green Bay, where he lost on a foul to Doc Hoffmann's wild man, Frank Kral. There is no use talking, this Kral is a real wild man.

Johnny Salvatore, St. Paul manager, had his two best bets down to Milwaukee recently and both boys lost. Mike Cianciaola beat My Sullivan and Harry Kahn stopped Rusty Jones.

Jack Hurley announces that he has matched his star, Billy Petrolle, with Sid Terris for a New York bout. Too bad Petrolle is never given a chance to show here. The fans here want to see just such boxers as Billy.

Jack Reddy had Young Bob Fitzsimmons matched to fight Jimmy Delaney for the last St. Paul show but the show was called off at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, due to the small advance sale. The game has been slipping here for some time, due mostly to lack of local talent for main events in the twin cities.

There has been considerable of a shake-up in the game here since the Fitzsimmons-Delaney fight was called off and all of the trouble has not been settled at this writing.

Billy Fawcett, the promoter, wants to sell out and there seem to be plenty of promoters who wish to buy, including Tom Andrews of Milwaukee and Mike Collins of Minneapolis.

What boxing hereabouts needs most is a new commission. One member, Frank B. Thompson, lives in California during the winter months. Can anyone imagine the chairman of the New York Boxing Commission spending the Winter in California?

Mike Gibbons has been spoken of as a new member of the State Boxing Commission although no one has resigned yet.

Many of the Minnesota managers are planning on an invasion of Illinois rings soon and many have already made trips to Chicago.

Billy Light won his sixth professional fight when he stopped Walter Klug of Milwaukee at Oshkosh, Wis.,

FROM SOUTH JERSEY

By HARRY DOLLFUS

Buck Fleming, who is making great strides towards the featherweight crown, turned in two more victories last month when he defeated Frankie Jacks, in ten rounds and traveled to Toronto where he easily won over Ray Moare in ten round wind up.

Johnny Kiernan of Long Branch, easily defeated Battling Shimar of Williamsport, Pa., in eight round wind up at the Convention Hall. Pee Wee Ross and Pussy Walker put up a great slugfest for eight rounds with little to choose between them as the winner in the semi-final.

Jackie Hindle, Gloucester's flashy lightweight, is now located in Miami, Florida, where he has won his first three starts. His last one was over Chick Miller.

Oscar Kennedy, the Temple matchmaker, is putting Camden on the fistic map. In the summer months he arranges shows for the New York Ship Athletic Ass'n., in Fairview.

Scotty McDonald, featherweight champion of Scotland, who has to box on Pennsylvania soil in order to keep busy, is making big hits around Lancaster, Harrisburg and Reading. He has a number of bouts lined up for the coming outdoor season due to him showing fine form here recently in his battles.

Mickey Papner of Philadelphia, knockedout Kid Brooks in the third round in the wind up at the Northside, in Atlantic City.

Lew McFarland, former boxer of Camden, and promoter, has now a stable of fighters under his wings. Lew has great hopes in the following fistmen: Eddie Fisher, of Riverside, 135 pounder, Manuel Floes, Philippine, 126 pounder, Bert Brown 130 pounder and Frankie Paris a flyweight.

Harry Scott of Atlantaic City, was given a neat lacing at the hands of Johnny Jadich, at the Cambria Club in Philadelphia.

Jimmy O'Toole knockedout Watson Fintch in four rounds at the Bridgeton Armory on April 1. The semi-windup brought Young Firpo and Hoot Elliott. Firpo stopped Elliot in four rounds. Mendell Bailus knockedout Babe Swedebock in one round and Nace Fletcher kayoed Battling Hook in three rounds. It was a real knockout night. Not one of the five bouts going the limit.

Jac Valentine is being flooded with offers for his new Russian heavyweight charge, Mendell Bailus. Mendell has scored four straight wins via the knockout route. He stowed away Babe Swedeback in one round, in Bridgeton, Spike Sullivn in three rounds in Camden, Mike Holland, two rounds in Salem, and Bob Savage in two rounds in Lancaster.

Al Frazee, former Philadelphia boxer who has been making his home in Wildwood, is all set for summer months to promote shows there where many vacationers attend.

Frankie Vance, formerly of Philadelphia, now making his home in Clementon, journey to Norristown and defeated K. O. Harris in the star ten round bout. The following week scoring a one round knockout over Mike Frantz of Coatesville in Lancester. Vance looks like the makings of a great fighter and is out with a defi to Roxie Allen, Nick Nichols, Sammy Moffo or Charlie Mack.

The biggest attendance of the season was at the Northside club of Atlantic City to see Philadelphia's Ace, Lew Tendler, in his comeback after nine months layoff. Lew handed Joe Reno of Trenton a severe pasting for eight rounds. A few more bouts under his belt and Lefty Lew will be ready to tackle Mickey Walker, Willie Harmon, Jack Zivic or Pete Latzo.

The semi-final to this show brought together two dusky warriors by names of Al Walters and Jeff Steveson. They were chased out of the ring for stalling. Kid Chapman and Mickey Diamond fought a slow draw. Johnny Berry won from George Cole and Patsy Nelson jabbed his way to victory over Joe Mitchell.

Jack Valentine has already arranged two matches for his open air show at Egg Harbor. The first wind up will feature Scotty McDonald and Buck Fleming in a twelve round bout and the smi-final of ten rounds will be between Mendel Bailus and Slim Conrad.

Hughie Clements had another knockout registered against him when Bob Lawson, Tiger Flowers' stablemate, put Clements away in the third round at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Pete Garber added another knockout to his list when he put Johnny Jacumis away in four rounds in Lancaster.

Fred McDougal, colored heavyweight of Beverly, who loomed up as a great prospect in the heavyweight ranks, proved to be a big fluke when he took the tank in the Philadelphia Arena to Arthur De Kuh in three rounds. He was fined $50.00 for this offense, by the Pennsylvania commission.

Pee Wee Ross lost a great tilt across the river in the Philadelphia Arena to Willie La Morte of Newark in eight hard fought rounds.

Paddy O'Brien scored an impressive victory over the well known Atlantic City flyweight, Phil Brown, in eight rounds at Lakewood.

Mannie Sharkey of Atlantic City, who has been making big hits around Baltimore and these parts, would like to meet Buck Fleming, Scotty McDonald, Benny Bass, Leo Kid Roy or Danny Kramer.

Clown Jimmy Kelly appeared in Philadelphia in a hair-raising scrap with Mickey Diamond and two days later he gave Gene Geffner a boxing lesson in eight rounds at Lakewood.

Jack Dean who is now promoting shows in Salem. He is negotiating for the Ball Park in Pennsgrove where he expects to run his weekly shows in the summer.

Young Freddy Welsh of Atlantic City made two great showings at the Cambria Club in Philadelphia, with Joe Wilton and Johnny Jaddich. Both of these fights were corkers both boys standing toe to toe with him slugging away for eight rounds apiece. The fans of Philadelphia want to see more of Welsh.

Tommy McCann, Camden's welterweight, is going very big around North Jersey where he last defeated Vince Forgione in ten rounds at Jersey City.

Young Paschal, formerly of Marcus Hook, now making his home in Salem, gave away plenty of weight to Frankie Nelson of Wilmington and administered to Nelson a boxing lesson.

IOWA NEWS

By BOB WAGNER

Jimmy Ryan, Iowa lightweight champion and Charlie Pitts, Australian lightweight, battled ten fast rounds to a draw at the Memorial hall, Kansas City. They were signed to box at a later date it being a wonderful fight.

Glen Lage, Iowa welterweight flash beat Mike Rozgall of Omaha at St. Joseph, Mo., in ten rounds. Lage completely out classed Rozgall.

Pinkey George of Cedar Falls, beat Eddie Lewis of St. Paul in eight rounds at Des Moines, Iowa. At a later date Tarbaby Joe Gans took a neat lacing from George at Waterloo, Iowa.

Abe Martin, boxing promoter at Mason City, Iowa, has been staging some high class shows for the fans there.

Sid Kelly of Milwaukee, Wis., gave Harry Soo Quong Bill, Los Angeles, Cali., flyweight, a boxing lesson in the eight round main event at Abe Martins show at Mason City, Iowa.

Harry Soo Quong Bill and Ham Schilling's flyweight, Paul Milnar, boxed eight rounds to a draw at Des Moines, Iowa.

Glen Lage and Roy Coffman boxed ten rounds to a draw at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Johnny Harris and Young Nemo of St. Paul went eight rounds at Des Moines with Harris an easy winner.

Lefty Louie Mays knocked out Tiger Cline of Kansas City in the second round of their eight round fight at Des Moines, Iowa.

Bearcat Wright, Omaha heavyweight sensation scored his twelveth staright knockout when he put George Bourland down for the count in the four round at Des Moines, Iowa. It was the second time Wright knocked Bourland out in less than three weeks time.

Jimmy Ryan of Des Moines and Jack Barry of Kansas City boxed ten rounds at St. Joseph, Mo. Ryan won every round.

Frankie Kral, Milwaukee's caveman and Roy Williams of Chicago have signed to headline the next card for Abe Martin at Mason City, Iowa. In the other ten round bout Jimmy Ryan will meet Joe Azzarelia of Milwaukee.

Jimmy Irig of Des Moines and Harry Yahn of Cedar Rapids boxed six rounds at Cedar Rapids with Irig having a slight edge.

Joe Kelly, Matchmaker for the Des Moines A. C., has been giving the fans some real bouts and is packing the club at every show.

Ralph Alexander, Waterloo's fighting fireman is getting his arena ready for the outdoor shows this summer. Alexander has a show every Wednesday night.

Abe Martin, boxing promoter at Mason City, Iowa, would like to get in touch with some high class boys. Managers write to him in care, Pleaxol cigar store.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

The month of May starts the outdoor boxing season in this section and if just half the bouts that the promoters of things pugilistic claim they have signed materialize, it certainly looks like a banner season throughout New England.

Tom Goodwin, the energetic matchmaker of the Suffolk A. C., starts the ball rolling here this month with a bout between Jack Sharkey, a real topnotcher when he takes it in his head to fight, and Light-heavyweight Champion Paul Berlenbacher, who needs no introduction to Boston fans, as he appeared here once before against Hambone Kelley, whom he stopped in four rounds after Kelley had him on "Queen Street" in the second round.

Eddie Mack of the Commercial A. C. intends to stage outdoor bouts at the Revere Cycle Track in Revere, Mass. He plans to use Young Stribling against an opponent to be selected for his opening show. Lou Bogash, now making his home in Boston, may draw the assignment, and as he has started a comeback and is a great favorite in this section, a bout between him and Stribling would certainly attract the fans.

Sammy Fuller, the idol of Boston's Little Italy, steps into the big time here this month against a boxer who rates high among the world's best at his weight, Chic Suggs, the dusky flash from New Bedford, and if Sammy can hold him even he is made. They will box under the auspices of the Suffolk A. C.

Mickey Travers, that rugged little featherweight from New Haven, now sojourning in Boston under Vic Richardson's piloting, meets Honeyboy Finnegan, Dan Carroll's ace, here shortly in a bout in which good old-fashioned slugging should predominate as both boys are well known for their ability to hit hard. They will meet for the Arena A. C., George Freeman, matchmaker.

Harry Goldstein, New England's flyweight champion, is surely stepping along on high. His latest victim was Johnny Thomas of New Bedford, who was stopped here in the feature bout of the Salem A. A. Goldstein, for a kid, with cleverness as his chief stock in trade, also packs a k.o. in either mitt. Under Jim Toland's astute leadership he is sure to progreess.

Harry Kelley of Kelley & Hayes' Gym, Boston, has taken over the managemnt of Bob Sage, a Western heavyweight with a good record, whom he intends to show local fans shortly. Newport Johnny Brown, a great little featherweight; Nick Madonna, a promising lightweight; the inimitable heavyweight, Rocky Stone, and others are performing under the able handling of Harry and his surefire assistant, Jack Stedman.

New England Welterweight Champion Al Mello has signed to meet the best boy of his weight available in a bout to be staged at Braves' Field, Boston, next month. His opponent is to be selected from among three—Meyer Cohen, Jack Zivic or Young Levine, the boy who gave Tommy Milligan a drubbing. His able mentor, Bobby Goldman, has the utmost confidence in the ability of his protege to defeat anyone of his weight in the world.

Once more Red Chapman, one of the world's best featherweights, finds himself on the outside looking in as regards to a match with Kid Kaplan for the title. Red, one of the cleanest and squarest "kids" in the fistic racket, deserves a better fate than being set back to watch Bobby Garcia mingle with Kaplan.

Chapman has met and defeated every featherweight of any prominence in the past few years. Johnny Dundee and Mascart are numbered among his victims.

Jimmy Maloney of South Boston has patched up his differences with his manager, Johnny McGrath, and has started training for some of the big dough to be had in outdoor bouts in the section this summer. His pal, Hambone Kelley, is also undergoing the torture of vigorous training with the same end in view.

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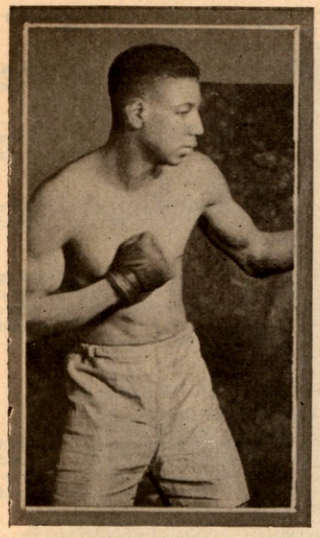
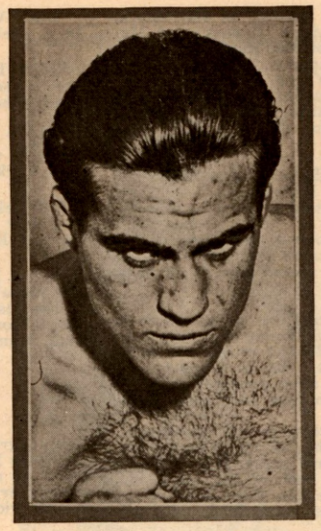
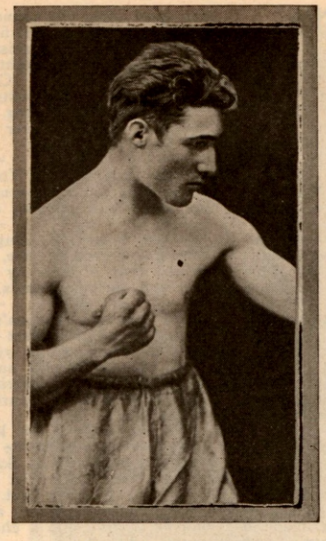


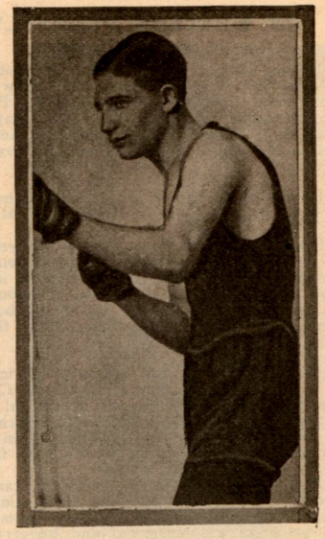
Kid Linn Jordan, Fighting middleweight from Chicago



Art De Kuh, Italian heavyweight who has a terrific wallop



Mickey Larkin, Philadelphia flyweight



Freddy Welsh, Featherweight from Atlantic City, N. J.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Boxing has been in a sort of lull the past three weeks in Buffalo and the fans have had to go without their favorite sport. The Auditorium has been available, but the club here, the Queensbury and the Velodrome, were unable to get the matches they wanted, so rather than run a show with little chance of profit the matchmakers allowed the dates to pass.

Rocky Kansas, lightweight champion, is back home from a long Southern jaunt, where he boxed Freddy Jacks, Joe Tiplitz and Pal Moran. Kansas was the winner over Jacks and Tiplitz, but received a pasting from Moran, who easily won over Rocco.

Kansas and Manager Daniel Rogers claim that it was a sprained ankle more than the fists of Moran that beat him in New Orleans. Kansas says he sprained his ankle in the second round and could scarcely stand on it in the latter rounds of the fight.

The New York State Athletic Commission has ordered Kansas to defend his title by June 7. He probably will accept a match with Sid Terris in New York.

Kansas, in the old days, was a great little fighter, but the revages of time do not do any boxer any particular good. Rocky has taken splendid care of himself and outlasted practically all his old rivals of a dozen years ago, but he, too, must soon pass out of the picture.

Kansas is finishing up differently than most fighters. He has a big bankroll carefully tucked away and does not have to worry. Too bad there aren't more lads of the fistic fraternity that realize the years are few for a boxer to corral the dough.

Jimmy Slattery is still in Europe and will be for another six weeks, at least. The First Ward Irishman is not thinking of fighting at present. He is having a good time and seeing the old world in grand style. Jimmy is a member of the party that includes Mayor Frank X. Schwab, Fred Seames, Deputy Police Chief Frank Carr and others.

Lou Scozza gave Benny Ross a thumping at the big all-star show staged by Charlie Murray on April 26. Scozza had beaten Benny in a six-round bout and then turned the trick in a ten rounder even more pronouncedly than in the shortstop bout.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, defeated Romero Rojas in the main bout, while in the semi-final Frankie Schoell lost a close decision to Maxey Rosenbloom, New York light-heavyweight.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantamweight, clashes with Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute star, in the big show at Louisville, Ky., on Derby eve. May 14. This bout is expected to draw a $20,000 house.

Ryan is slated to box Bobby Eber, Canadian bantam champion, in Toronto in June, and Buffalo wants him for a set-to with Chick Suggs, the negro battler.

Johnny Rosen, the Toronto bantam, who holds a decision over Champion Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, is making Buffalo his home.

Jimmy Goodrich, former holder of the lightweight titlle, is back home from the Pacific Coast, where he lost a ten round dicision to Mushey Callahan. Jimmy is slated to return to Los Angeles in June for other matches. He made a big hit with the fans out there, even though he lost the verdict to Callahan.

Bert Finch looks forward to a successful season for Bobby Tracey, local lightweight, who beat Harry Felix recently. Efforts are now being made to match Tracey with Solly Seaman of New York.

Seaman is the boy who knocked out Ray Romney of Niagara Falls in seven rounds here a few weeks ago. Seaman gave Romney a terrible beating, outclassing him all the way.

Jack McDonalds club in Jamestown, N. Y., is drawing good houses. He has been having a lot of success down there with the fights as well, for Jack has put on some splendid cards.

Jimmy Mack's welterweight, Ted Dean of Ithaca, is back in Buffalo, ready for all comers. Dean is a club fighter and always pleases, win or lose.

Tony Stabeneau, Buffalo heavyweight, defeated Ray Newman of Jersey City at Albany, May 1. Stabeneau went over big in the capital. Efforts are now being made to match Stabeneau with Risko before a local club.

Art Wander, Buffalo featherweight, won the decision over Curley Wilshur in Toronto, May 1. Wander knocked Wilshur down and put up a great battle. Wilshur, too, fought a game and courageous fight and gave Wander a stiff argument all through the contest. The boys may be rematched for Buffalo soon.

Frankie Kearns, Utica, N. Y., middleweight, is making his headquarters here. Kearns has boxed a draw with Battling Siki, beat Pal Reed, Benny Ross and others. He expects to get a match with Frankie Schoell or Jimmy Slattery here.

CHICAGO

Chicago had a fine representation at the recent banquet of the Greater New York Boxing Writers' Association. Harry Hochstadter, Jim Mullen, Eddie Kane. I. C. Brenner of the American Golfer and Frank Churchill were among those present and they voted the affair the greatest ever.

A movement is on foot in this city to organize a boxing writers' association similar to that in New York. With the revival of interest in the game here, an organization of this kind would help the game considerably.

A movement also is on foot to get the managers, promoters, boxers and seconds to organize a Chicago branch of the National Sports Alliance. This would be a step in the right direction. Taking the Bull by the horns at an early date, is far better than waiting unil the damage to booking has already been done.

The death of Clever Senico has been taken deeply to heart by that prince of fighters, Bud Taylor. Bud feels that he is hoodooed and has temporarily laid down his gloves. His manager, Ray Long, however, urged Bud to forget his troubles and signed him to fight Tommy Ryan of McKeesport at Louisville, after Bud has had a three weeks' rest.

Buddy may encounter some criticism because of his decision not to retire, but it will be undeserved. He simply has been unluckier than other boxers. Taylor has the year of his career in sight. He hopes to make enough money in the next year to keep him and his family for life. Then he may jump out of a game that has been harsh on him as well as his rivals.

Taylor had much trouble with a right shoulder blade that kept popping out of place in tough fights. On several nights he fought with that shoulder out and never whimpered. He always has been a game and honorable kid. It would hardly be fair to toss him out of a pastime that will make him rich because of unfortunate breaks for two boys he fought professionally, but with no hate in his heart.

Shuffle Callahan, despite his defeat at the hands of Tommy Freeman, is still one of the most popular boys in the middle west. His style of milling and his personality have made him a favorite here.

Jin Savage, Chicago's heavyweight, is seeking bouts with the leaders of his class. He declares that his hands are in fine shape again and that he is ready to tackle some of the topnotchers. Our advice to Jim is to stick to the smaller fry as he is not well enough primed to crash with the bigger ones yet.

Eddie Long has a good welter in Johnny Murphy. Johnny is the boy who knocked out Shuffle Callahan last year.

Ernie Peters is a boy who must be watched among the flyweights and bantams. He has been knocking 'em cold with regularity and looks like the best boy in the smaller class in the Middle West.

It is possible that Jim Mullen will sign him and Frankie Genaro to a fight shortly.

Eddie Kane, while in New York recently, declared that unless he sees some good prospects in that city, he will embark shortly for the Coast with his two Aces—Sammy Mandell and Shuffle Callahan.

Eddie Shea, who was knocked out by Charley Phil Rosenberg last year in their championship bout at the New York Velodrome, is doing good work here. He has improved considerably.

Herbie Schaeffer is one of the leading featherweights here. The boy, who with his brother, is managed by Babe Mullaney, is going like a house afire. He has many followers here because he always pleases the fans.

Izzy Marks, manager of Tommy Logan and Eddie Dixon, has run into hard luck. Just when Izzy figured on arranging a lucrative bout for Logan, he took ill with the flu.

George Oswego has a good bantamweight under his wing in Tiger Jack Burns. Detroit and Toledo promoters are seeking to match Burns for bouts in their city. Burns is the boy who gave Clever Sencio a hard battle here recently, just before the Filipino met his death. Burns is one of the few boys here who has no difficulty making 118 pounds. He is a Greek and carries a terrific wallop in either hand.

Johnny Coulon, former world's champion bantamweight boxer, has entered the amateur promotion game here. Coulon is continuing his physical training club and will conduct his boxing shows weekly.

CHICAGO PROMOTERS, MANAGERS, BOXERS, TRAINERS—THESE COLUMNS ARE OPEN TO YOU. ANY NEWS ITEMS YOU DESIRE TO HAVE PUBLISHED IN THE RING, SHOULD BE ADDRESED TO THE PUBLISHER AND SHOULD BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH. (ED. NOTE).

SOUTHWEST'S BEST FIGHT

By DON CEE

The outstanding fight of the Southwest in April was the Young Stribling-Chuck Burns ten round bout at Wichita, Kansas. This contest was thrilling from start to finish. It outdrew any fight ever staged in the Princess City including the Harry Greb-Ralph Brooks and the Stribling-Matlock shows. Young Stribling entered the ring a favorite.

With the exception of the third round Stribling led the first six rounds of the fight; but in the seventh frame, Burns stepped out to do some leading of his own and from that round on he forced the battle, especially in the seventh.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By JULES BECK

Johnny Hamm of Braddock and Andy Tomasky of Wilmerding fought a ten round draw in the main bout of a fistic program held in the Palisades Rink, McKeesport, on April 8, by the Majestic Club of McKeesport. The judges disagreed and the referee, Eddie Kennedy, decided the issue by ruling it a draw.

In the semi-final, of ten rounds, Georgie Meenahan of Sharon beat Johnny Horvath of Mansfield, Ohio.

One of the largest crowds of the year turned out to see Georgie Levine of Brooklyn and Jack Zivic, the Lawrenceville pride, do their stuff in a ten round bout at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, on April 12. Levine, a tall, rangy, and clever boxer, surprised the large crowd by baffling Zivic throughout the ten rounds.

Johnny Katkish, stablemate of Zivic, was handed a boxing lesson by Young Saylor, of Charleroi. Saylor, with his clever left and occasional right, handed Katkish a neat lacing although Katkish had Saylor in danger with his continual boring in and endeavor to land his haymaker for which he is famous.

Phil Goldstein, former amateur star, fought the second bout of the card with Patsy Gallagher of the Southside. This was Goldstein's initial performance at home as a professional and he certainly made a creditable showing by outboxing and outslugging the rugged Patsy throughout the six rounds. Phil received the decision of both judges at the termination of the bout.

Cuddy Demarco and Sig Keppen renewed their feud at Beaver Falls on April 12. This bout made their fifth meeting. Keppen put up a whale of a battle and in receiving the decision he holds one verdict over De Marco while Cuddy received the decision in their first four tilts.

Johnny McGarvey, matchmaker at the Motor Square Club in Pittsburgh, gave Jack Zivic a second chance to even his score with Levine on April 19. They again put up a wonderful battle of ten rounds, Zivic holding Levine to a draw.

Jack McFarland, Wilkinsburg feather and Louie Dearco of Cleveland fought the eight round semi-final to a good draw.

Marine Tolliver and Joe Burke of Detroit, heavyweights, furnished the main go at the Majestic Club, McKeesport, on April 22. Tolliver and Burke put up a hot battle as long as it lasted with Marine putting over the sleep-producer in the fourth round.

Young Riggs of Moundsville, W. Va., and Andy Tomasky of Wilmerding, flyweights, thrilled the fans in the first ten rounds of the bill.

Billie Meyers, McKeesport's "Red Head" flyweight flash has resumed training after a few weeks' lay-off and is putting himself in the pink of condition to meet the leading flyweights in this vicinity.

Tommy Maxwell, matchmaker at the Majestic Club in Erie is showing good sportsmanship in giving our Pittsburgh district boys a place on every card. Of course there is a reason. They always fight and give the fans a run for their money.

There is talk of having a mammoth boxing carnival at Forbes Field sometime in the month of July. It will be for the benefit of the Pittsburgh Milk and Ice Fund and some of the leading fighters in the country will participate. Some of the boxers being considered are Harry Greb, Jack Zivic, Cuddy De Marco and Sandy Seifert. The promoters and heads of the fun expect to make this the biggest card ever presented to the Pittsburgh and Western Penna. fans.

Hughey Manson visited Rochester, N. Y. on April 19th and suffered a knockout at the hands of one "Hughes." Quite a surprise Hughey, but you can't will them all. Forget it and keep up the good work of the past.

Tommy Crowley continues to win his battles here. He is a rangy lad for his poundage and a bright future is in store for Bill Heckman's featherweight.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Benny Bass, Philadelphia's crack featherweight, won by a knockout over Ralph Repman, of York Haven, in the third round of a scheduled eight round fight at Lancaster, April 19. Bass floored Repman for counts of nine in the first and second rounds, and finally put him to stay in the third. In the semi-final, Steve Nitchie, of Lancaster scored a technical knockout over Scotty McDonald, of Philadelphia in the fifth round when the referee stopped the battle, McDonald's right eye was closed, he was taking a beating at the time.

Battling Willard, Lancaster welterweight, gave gave Jimmy McAllister, Reading's knockout artist a good lacing in a eight round fight in the latter's home town last month. Willard had Jimmy down four times, but could not finish him. They were rematched for the next show but Jimmy had to call the fight off due to a damaged nose received in his fight with "Bat" Patsy Haley, Philly's fighting Irishman has been substituted.

Harry (Kid) Brown, of Philadelphia received the judges' decision over Battling Dorey Shimar of Williamsport after ten rounds of battling at Harrisburg, April 5. In the semi-final Andy Tomasky, of McKeesport, won the decision of the judges over Jose Allano, Cuban flyweight champion, after eight fast and exciting rounds. Carl Young, of Lebanon, and Fred Horvath, of Steelton battled to a draw in the best fight of the evening. Battling Burns of Lebanon, scored a knockout over Jimmy Green of Harrisburg in the second round.

Ralph Repman, of York Haven had a shade the better over Jimmy Burns of Philadelphia, after eight rounds of fast fighting at Atlantic City, last month.

George Dewey, Reading's colored middleweight, has been going good of late, although dropping the duke to Red Delp of Reading in a recent fight, after eight fast and furious rounds.

Carl Young, Lebanon's promising welterweight is coming along at a fast pace. Young has been battling for the past few years in and around his home town with wonderful success. He is a good two-handed fighter, and carries a sleep producer in either hand. He is of the tearing-in type and rarely backs up an inch.

Carl has quite a few knockouts to his credit stopping boys such as Willie Ritchie, K. O. Keldson, Fred Horvath, Harry (Kid) Sober and many others. Young is now ready to meet the best in his class, and bars no one his weight. He can give some of the best plenty of trouble, all he wants is for the promoters to give him a chance.

Johnny Curtin, Lebanon's dancing master is slated to meet Joe Rice, of Philadelphia, at the Cambria Club, Philadelphia. Johnny is a junior lightweight, who shows plenty of speed, cleverness and punching power.

Tim Droney, Lancaster's iron man, is slipping fast. In his last few fights with second and third raters, Tim dropped the decisions. A few years ago Droney was one of the best lightweights in the game, giving men like Lew Tendler, Alex Hart and even the champion Benny Leonard hard fights, but those days are gone forever.

Gordan Williams, newspaper man of Reading, is making good as referee.

Dorey "Battling" Shimar, of Williamsport, kissed the canvas for the first time in his career when he ran into one of Johnny Hayes wicked left swings in the second round of their fight at the Cambria Club, Philadelphia, April 23.

Carl Young, welterweight of Lebanon, is slated to meet the rugged Ray Maxwell of Philadelphia, at the next show of the Harrisburg A. C.

Tom Laberto, lightweight of York, Pa., will swing back into action after a lay-off due to illness, when he taps gloves with Patsy Nelson, of Philadelphia.

Jack Hanlon, Lancaster's knock out artist will meet Jeff Stevenson of Harrisburg in the latter's home town, on May 3rd.

Bill Wallace, former boxer, and now trainer of fighters, has opened a shoe shine parlor in Lebanon, Bill invites all the fighters and fight managers, as well as the sheiks to make his place their headquarters.

Andy Tomasky, McKeesport flyweight, was given the judges' decision over Jose Allano, of Philadelphia, after ten rounds of fast fighting at Harrisburg on April 19. Allano who forced the fighting most of the time should have been given at least a draw. Frankie Hayes of Philadelphia was given the decision over Billy Cannon, also of Philadelphia after eight rounds of hard fighting. Carl Young, of Lebanon, stopped Fred Horvath of Steelton in the fourth round. Jack Hanlon of Lancaster stopped Leroy Kopp, Tower City's fighting cop in the first round. Young Winzel of Tower City stopped K. O. Murray of Harrisburg in the first round of the curtain raiser.

Bill Zimmerman, lightweight of Lebanon is now ready to meet any boy his weight.

Tommy Cooley, Williamsport's hard hitting middleweight fought an eight round draw with "Tiger" Thomas, of Harrisburg, in the formers home town on April 19th.

Working under a handicap, Pat Haley, of Kensington won from Battling Willard, of Lancaster after ten hard fought rounds, at the American A. C., Reading on April 20. The day before the fight Haley was informed that his mother was dying. He immediately called off his fight with Willard, but after a second blood transfusion by her boxer-son, Pat, Mrs. Haley rallied and insisted if Pat still could have the match, he should go and box. Pat notified the promoter and immediately left for the scene of the battle, somewhat weakened because of the blood he had given his mother, twice during the week. Pat went into the ring with Willard and it was only his great courage and determination that carried him to victory.

Tim Droney, veteran Lancaster welterweight won from George Dewey, of Reading by a knockout in the seventh round of a scheduled eight round go, in the latters home town last month.

"Tiger" Thomas, of Harrisburg gave "Honeyboy" Bill Evans, of Coaldale a lacing in a ten round fight at Shamokin, April 21. Carl Young of Lebanon fought a six round draw with Johnny Mack, of Shamokin. Mack was floored for a short count in the second round.

"Bud" Weaver, Lebanon flyweight is training daily In a week or two will be strutting his stuff.

"Nig" Irwin, of Lebanon is working out in a local fire house gymnasium, "Nig" is a "rassler," and annoys the beam at 155 lbs.

"Turk" Hartman and "Mickey" Fegan well known Lebanon sportsmen and after dinner speakers are in New York on business.

Red Delp, Reading middleweight and Mike Schultz of Ridley Park, fought to a draw in an eight round fight at Reading last month.

Jimmy McAllister, and Red Delp both of Reading will probably be matched to fight it out and see who is the best middleweight in their home town, before the indoor boxing season closes, this match should pack them in for promoter Joe Kennedy.

ROSIN DUST FROM ERIE

By LESTER E. DENNING

That great crowd pleaser, Johnny Carey, knocked out Tony Burns in the seventh round of the ten round main go at the Arena here. Carey shows improvement every time out and is the greatest drawing card in this vicinity.

The semi-final between Hughie Manson and Ray Schauers was a peach. Manson earned the judges' decision, but they sure put up a wonderful bout. In the preliminaary Otto Pletz defeated Young Denicoliin, a tough fight.

On April 16 Floyd Hybert defeated Dave Forbes. In the first round Hybert connected on the jaw and Forbes took a nine count. Floyd kept tearing in all the time.

In the semi-windup Max Strub, that fast stepping lightweight, took the measure of Jack Kellar in a real hot battle. That makes one a piece. Now for the rubber!

Jimmy Scott returned the favor by knocking out Joe Bagley in the second bout of the evening.

On April 23, Battling J. D., colored heavyweight, earned a draw with the tough Mike Wallace from Cleveland.

The third bout of the evening, between Frankie Stellmack and Joey Hough, was great, with Stellmack taking the decision. He knocked Hough down twice.

In the preliminary Young Denicoli knocked Mike Griffin out in the fourth round.

Teddy Esterbrook, the long-geared junior middleweight from Niles, scored a knockout over Ernie Miller in the eighth round on the last of the April cards. Miller is a soutthpaw and his awkward style confused Ted for a few rounds. In the fifth round Esterbrook cut Miller's eye with a sweet left hook and it bothered Miller considerably. Referee Jerry Cole stopped the bout when Miller was driven into his corner by a perfect fusillade of blows, and retired into his shell and refused to come out of it.

Manson and Schauers staged a return bout and it was as full of action as the first time they met. Manson again got the decision after toe-to-toe battling all the way.

Frankie Van, popular Cleveland bantam, gave Johnny Dunn of Buffalo a boxing lesson in six rounds. This Van is clever and shows a lot of promise. Dunn was smacked about quite a bit and was fortunate that he lasted the limit.

FROM VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

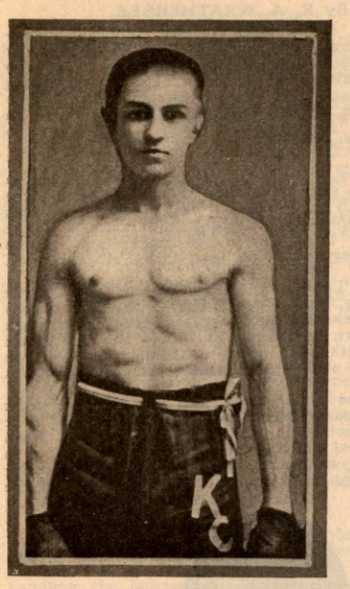
Joe Chaney, 138 pounder, trimmed Sammy Bierne of New York in Richmond in a fifteen rounder at the Arcade Club. The fight was not so fast in the early rounds but increased in speed as it progressed and at the end both men were punching, toe to toe. Chaney formerly of Baltimore is a brother of K. O. George Chaney. He is now training Lew Mayrs, Baltimore featherweight, priming him for a shot at the title.

On the same card Battling Booth, local 140 pounder, beat Denny Reed, also of Richmond. Booth knocked-out Reed in the second round of a bout which had been fast.

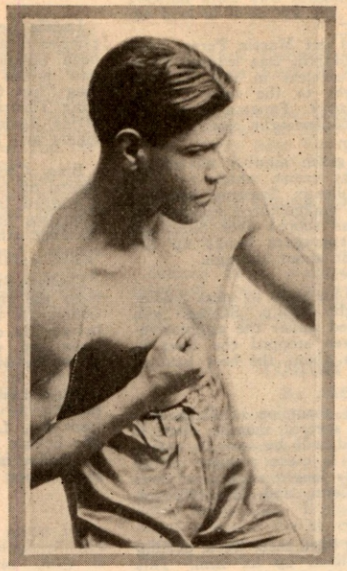
Red Taylor, Richmond junior lightweight, beat Young Mathias, Spanish fighter from Langley Field at the Eagles' entertainment in Richmond and the next night he took on Battling Booth at another club and obtained a draw with the heavier boy.

On the card at the Eagles,' Sammy Burton, Fort Monroe featherweight, K. O.'d Young Woods of Langley Field boy several times and the bell saved Woods on two occasion before the final knockdown. This Burton is a comer in his class as he is a hard hitter, fairly clever and very game.

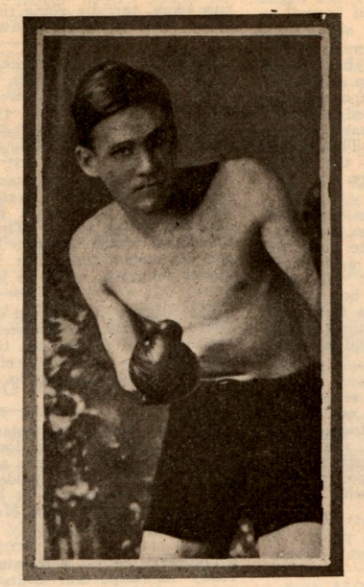
Andy Bowen, now Junior and lightweight champion of the South, is on his way back to Washington, his home. Bowen expects to stage a big campaign this spring and summer. And is a good, hard fighting 130 pounder. His record down South where he has been this past winter, is a very fine one. His last bout ended when he knocked out Kid White in three rounds at West Palm Beach, Florida.



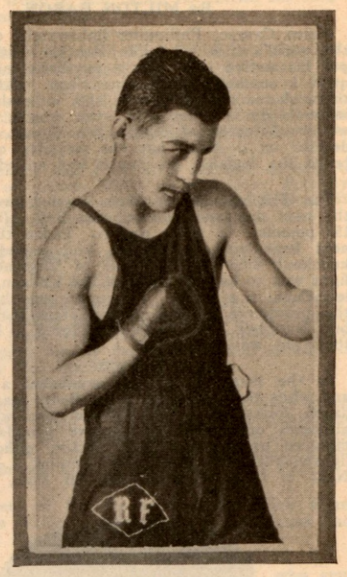
Kid Carpentier, Pittsburgh feather-weight. He is under the management of Mike Harding.



"Gats" Gargano, junior welter-weight contender of Staten Island, New York.



Maurice Pentecost, Hopewell, Va., high-school boy. He is a hard-hitting bantamweight.



Bobby Fernandez, conqueror of Kid Pancho. He is a featherweight and hails from San Antonio, Texas.

KANSAS NOTES

By WILLIAM PATRICK

The Cudahy A. C.'s show of four ten round bouts at Kansas City, Kansas, March 31st proved to be the best card staged this season.

Denver Kid beat Battling Morris, ten rounds. Joe Rivers bested Kid Cole ten rounds and Rusty Jones and Bud Hamilton ten round draw.

By beating Larry Cappo in ten hard fought rounds in the best fight seen in Memorial Hall for some time, Pat Corbett won the welterweight champoinship gold belt of the middle-west promised the winner by the Cudahy A. C.

Tommy Irvine beat Jimmie Carter in ten rounds at Springfield, April 1st.

At St. Joseph April 1st, Glen Lage won over Mike Rozgall in ten rounds.

Eddie Dwyer's ear injured in his bout with Norm Genet at Atchinson, March 24th, caused the "Brown Panther" to cancel several bouts so his ear would heal for his coming bout with Pat Corbett at Hutchinson.

Bud Hamilton just returned from Denver where he was beaten in four rounds by Eddie Mack April second.

Battling Morris won a decision over Jimmie "Kid" Hartman for the second time at Salina, April 2.

Claiming he was stale at the time he boxed Denver Kid, March 31st, Battling Morris intends resting a month after which he will seek a return match with Denver Kid.

At Topeka, April 3 Buster Brown beat Jack Stacy in ten rounds.

Charlie Pitts, Kansas City light-weight beat Jimmie Lanning at Pitcher, Oklahoma, in ten rounds, April third.

April 12th at Wichita, Kid Maultbie beat Dick Cody, eight rounds. Charlie Pitts beat Merced Montez, eight rounds. Joe Ciro bested Kid Hartman, eight rounds and Young Stribling shaded Chuck Burns in ten rounds.

Walter Page beat Jimmie Carter, April 12th at Chanute.

Ted Henry lost to Tommy Grogan at Omaha, April 16.

At Dodge City April 16, Walter Page slugged Elmer McMullen into submission in ten frames.

April 19th at Hutchinson, Tiger Papke shaded Pat Shelby four rounds. Kid Maultbie knocked out Glen Hartman in eight rounds. Ed "K.O." Smith knocked out Buck Brady, seventh round. Pat Corbett holder of the welterweight championship belt of the middle west beat Eddie Dwyer in ten rounds, out-punching and out-boxing him in eight of the ten rounds.

Blas Rodriguez popular bantam-weight boxer is visiting hi home in Torreon, Mexico but will return here soon.

Bud Hamilton light weight of the Jay Thomas string has gone to Chicago for a series of bouts.

At Kansas City, April 20th, Johnnie Waggoner knocked-out Leo Lanne, sixth round. Charlie Pitts out-boxed Jimmy Ryan, ten rounds. Young Stribling bested Joe Lohman, ten rounds.

Joe Trabone beat Buster Brown in ten rounds at St. Joseph, April 21st.

Pee Wee Kaiser knocked-out Denver Kid, Kansas City bantamweight at St. Louis, in ten rounds, April 22nd. Joe Rivers stable mate of the "Kid" beat Chick Saunders in a six round preliminary.

April 23rd at St. Joseph, Mike Rozgall knocked-out Glen Lage in ninth round. Jimmy Ryan beat Jack Barry in ten rounds.

At Topeka, April 24th, Joe Ciro holder of the bantamweight championship belt of the middle west knocked-out Billy Genova in second round. Billy Peltz beat Toby Smith in ten rounds and Young Stribling knocked out Billy Britton the "Kansas Cyclone" in three rounds.

BOXING IN ARKANSAS

By J. H. DICKENS, JR.

We are glad to hear that Tommy Freeman, former Hot Springs lad won by a K. O. over "Shuffle" Callahan, Chicago welterweight in the eleventh round in Cleveland recently.

Harry Wills and his wife have returned to their home in New York after a vacation in Hot Springs and other cities in Arkansas.

Harry Greb made a great hit while visiting here. If the Pittsburgh windmill keeps up his training, it is the writer's opinion that he will regain his title from the Georgia Deacon.

Eddie Ketchel, cousin of the famous Stanley Ketchel, defeated Dickie Dixon in ten rounds at El Dorado.

Jimmie Smith outfought Allie Johnson in a ten rounder at El Dorado. Chris Achten defeated Pal Elmore in ten rounds at El Dorado.

Pat Moore won a ten round decision over Bob Hughes at Hot Springs. Cuddy De Marco knocked out Mel Steven in the second round and Young Ross defeated Charlie Rodrique in a ten rounder at Hot Springs.

ST. LOUIS. MO., NOTES

By JIMMY DAVANT

Gene Straus, St. Louis impressario, is fast forging to the front as one of the elite promoters in the West. Gene is setting a fast clip for his competitors. He uses nothing but the top rung gladiators to headline his shows.

One of the fastest bantamweight struggles in St. Louis took place on March 22 when Lew Perfetti, Gotham ghost flyweight, classed with Johnny (Peewee) Kaiser over the 10 round route. It was one of those flashing affairs. Several times during the encounter the little fellows were so busily engaged in "their knitting" that they failed to hear the bell and had to be pried apart by Referee Harry Sharpe.

The recapitulation of the four news verdicts gave Perfetti the shade. Two of the scribes gave Lew the bout while the other two pronounced it a good draw. Kaiser weighed 120 1-2 while the Gotham Ghost tipped the beam under 119.

In the other half of the twin attraction, Sully Montgomery, former Centre College footbal star, scored a clean knock-out over "Kayo" Eddie Kealey, Bridgeport, Conn. south-paw, in less than two minutes, after scoring four knock-downs. Kealey made the fatal error of leading with a left cross minus a defense and Montgomery beat him to the punch. From then on, the unorthodox miller was easy pickings.

Babe McCorgary, former Oklahoma middleweight, who on March 2 dropped a decision to Kayo (Phil) Kaplan, left handed his way to a 10 round win over the tough and aggressive Henry Malcor of Chicago. Malcor, by failure to follow through his punches. Henry lost a great chance to score a knock-down or "kayo" in the second when he stung the Babe with a hard left hook to the "kitchen." After this shake-up McCorgary kept the short and squatty Malcor at a safe distance with his port side gun.

Before 9,000 frantic fans, who pulled a record gate of close to $18,000, Jack Renault, Canadian heavyweight champion, scored a knock-out over Sully Montgomery, former Centre College grid star, in the seventh round of a scheduled 10 round struggle here on April 22. A tractured knee cap, resultant from a knock-down late in the sixth round, prevented Sully from responding to the gong to begin the seventh stanza. Dr. H. M. Walker, club physician, examined Montgomery after the abrupt ending of hostilities and stated that Sully had torn several ligaments above the knee with a possible fracture.

Entering the ring with a slight attack of ptomaine poisoning, Johnny (Peewee) Kaiser hung the sleep punch on the Denver Kid in the first minute of the tenth round after leading in points the entire distance. Kaiser was examined by the Commission's physician when he weighed in at 3 o'clock during the afternoon and was pronounced physically fit. He evidently was poisoned when eating afterwards for he reported at the arena in bad shape.

Joe Rivers of Kansas City was cheated by four seconds from scoring a knockout over Chick Saunders of St. Louis in a six round prelim. Rivers won as he pleased, but started too late with his heavy socks to finish the tough Chick.

In the other bouts, Willie Ramsey scored a technical kayo over Johnny Alberts in the fifth round. They are St. Louis lightweights. Billy Cain battled George Ketchell to a four round draw. The men are flyweights. Rocky Adams stopped Pete Parres in the second after scoring seven knockdowns. They are heavyweights.

George Butch, St. Louis bantam, who recently boxed Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg a 10-round thriller here, is booked by Joe Jacobs to box the world's bantam champ again in Youngstown early in May.

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BOXING IN HAVANA

By MILTON BARON

Pedro Campo, Philippine lightweight contender for the world's title, who like Pancho Villa, has helped put his native land on the pugilistic map, has been quite a sensation in Havana rings. Campo came to these shores several months ago, unheralded, and was immediately matched with the tough, hard hitting welter champion of Spain, Jim Moran. The judges decided on a draw, but the majority of the public booed the decision, as Campo had an edge.

The Filipino cyclone then hurried over to Miami the next day and knocked out Red Allen, southern 152 pounder, in three rounds. Pedro then took the next boat back to Havana and scored a 4 round knockout over Harry Stone of England. His next fight was to be with Loyaza the Chilean, but Loyaza left Cuba in a hurry. Failing to put this fight over the promoters decided on a Campo-Martinez scrap, but Martinez the Spaniard suffered a bad eye and the fight was postponed.

In the meantime Campo contacted a severe cold and when the fight took place Pedro was not in condition, losing the closest decision ever witnessed here although outweighed by twelve pounds. Lalo Dominguez was Campo's next victim, although the ex-lightweight champion gave Campo a good battle. Next in turn came Aramis del Pino, who is still

Nat Kawler

thinking it over—the night that Campo gave him a boxing lesson in eight sizzling rounds.

A remarkable feat was accomplished by Campo when he outpointed Al Pettingil at Miami on April 16, and returning to Havana the next day, defeated Cirilin Olano, Cuban lightweight champion. Two victories in two days is something to be proud of. After defeating Olano, the promoters all flocked around Campo with numerous offers, and the Filipino cyclone is being booked for many fights.

The United Promoters will stage a 12 round contest between Barney Adair, and Jim Moran, Spanish welterweight.

Black Bill, Cuba's contender for the flyweight title, trounced Henny Catena of New York in twelve rounds. Bill led all the way, while Catena never had a look in. The Arena Colon was packed with fans anxious to see their little idol in action again. It was noticeable that Bill has improved greatly since fighting in New York.

A week later, Bill scored a knockout over Enriquito Valdes, local flyweight, the referee stopping the bout in the ninth round. Bill sent his opponent to the canvas 4 times and had Valdes bleeding freely from nose and mouth. Bill is back in New York again where he is booked for more bouts which may lead him to a chance at the world's title.

On the same card Clemente Sanchez, Camajuani Panther, knocked out Cabo Guzman in the opening round. Urbano Solera defeated Vicente Callejo and Clemente Morales drew with Luis Sardinas. Rene Bolanos, under management of Jose "Cuco" Sanchez, drew with Eduardo Duarte. Bolanos in a good lightweight and has yet to lose a fight in Havana.

Jim Moran of Spain, successfully defended his welter title against Hilario Martinez also from Spain. Martinez was badly defeated. In the first round he took an 8 count, and had it not been for his manager, Bertys the Frenchman, who yelled "Allons, mon petit," Martinez would have stayed for the full count. Moran scored 2 more knockdowns in the second round, after which Martinez was content to cover up and run away, thereby going the limit. Martinez is a fast boxer, but has a glass jaw.

Panama Joe Gans, knocked out Martin Perez, local middleweight in 5 rounds. Martin was leading by a slight margin but became careless in the 5th and Panama landed a hard right to the solar plexus, which finished the Cuban battler. Panama previously lost here to Kid Charol, middleweight champion.

Santiago Esperagera was given another chance to regain the light heavyweight crown which he held for 5 years, but again Rolleaux Saguero knocked him out in one round. This makes three consecutive knockouts which Saguero has scored over Santiago, and its about time that Esperagera hangs up the gloves for good, as he is just about through.

Kid Salgado stepped out of his class to meet Soldier Diaz, the Cuban featherweight champ. Salgado won the first two rounds but tired under the aggressiveness of Diaz and the referee stopped the bout in the third round. Salgado is about the best bantam around here.

Antonio Valdes, ex-bantam champion of Cuba, has been out of the ring for several months, but is rounding back into form and will be seen in action before many moons. Valdes is quite popular in the Southern States where he has fought such good boys as Boots Antley, Artie McCann, and Tim O'Dowd, also Chick Kansas.

Lalo Dominguez, is training hard these days, getting ready for important bouts lined up for him. This veteran lightweight who held the title for years, certainly is going strong, and still has many good fights left in him. He is anxious to meet Thomas Colas, Spanish lightweight, and also wants a return match with Hilario Martinez. Lalo is one of the most popular boxers here.

Santos and Artigas promoters have imported Ricardo Alis, Thomas Colas, and Vallespin from Spain, and these boys will be seen in action shortly. Alis is matched with Kid Charol.

Abie Kabakoff, St. Louis featherweight, will meet Soldier Diaz. Kabakoff, younger brother of Harry Kabakoff who defeated Carlos Casala here in 1922, is a good battler, and will no doubt make it interesting for Diaz.

Some of the good boys here are Anisio Orbeta, Eugenio Fernandez, Joe Garcia, Jack Rodriguez, Jack Cordero, Jose Paz, Camilo Lobardero, Vicente Villar, Franklin Humbolt, Vega Rubin and Urbano Solera.

AUSTRALIAN GOSSIP

By R. A. CUMES, Kirra, Queensland

The Australian ring has never seen as many colored scrappers as are battling here at the present time. With Frisco McGale, Tiger Payne, Sunny Jim Williams and Len Johnson taking part in the main bouts at the principal Stadiums, the position is decidedly "black." The Englishman, Len Johnson is undoubtedly the pick of the bunch. He is really a clever fellow and will go far if he looks after himself.

George Eagle knocked out Frisco McGale in 16 rounds at Sydney. McGale, far the better boxer, lacked a heavy punch and tired about the 9th round.

Jack Cameron forced Harry Young to skip the towel in the 13th round in Melbourne. Cameron is the most promising lad in the game here. He is a solid type of boxer with any amount of cleverness and his record for the present year is convincing.

Len Johnson was decidedly unlucky in his scrap with Jim Williams on March 20. The contest went the full twenty rounds with Johnson scoring fully three-quarters of the points, but the referee's verdict went to the American.

Certainly Williams deserved credit for doing the greater part of the forcing. He was the more aggressive throughout the first 15 rounds. Still, aggressiveness alone does not win a fight and there were scores of times when Johnson made his opponent look like a novice. There was only one knockdown and this was more the result of a push than the effect of a punch. Anyway, Johnson took a four seconds rest on the canvas as a result of the "push."

There is a possibility of Stadium Ltd. (at present Stadium Ltd. controls the three principal boxing stadiums in Australia—Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane) having strong opposition in the near future, A move is on foot to establish three more stadiums, one in each of the above cities and the game is sure to benefit by it. Lack of enterprise on the part of the existing company has had decidedly bad effects on boxing in Australia.

Stan Thurbon defeated Les Jackson on points after 20 highly interesting rounds had been ticked off. The contest was the most sensational staged for a title for quite some time. In fact, one has to go back to the old championship bouts to recall such another. Many times the audience was on its feet, cheering wildly at the rapid changes in the tide of battle. It veered first Thurbon's way and then Jackson's but the set was for the most part in the direction of the champion; sufficient at most times to indicate him as the better man.

"MAINE MUSINGS"

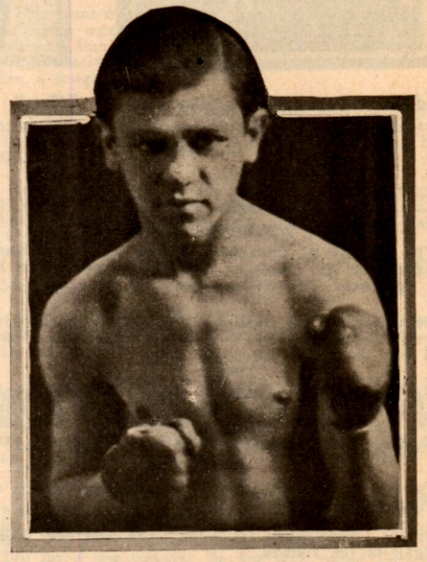
By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Laddie Lee, the pride of Portland, fulfilled the prophesies of a comeback which his host of admirers had been broadcasting by defeating Frankie Provencher two weeks after leaving the Exposition Building ring "feet first." Lee took a bad beating from Battling Therrian, a middleweight, but got back to his stride again, swamping Provencher in a storm of rights and lefts.

Bing Conley, the toughest printer in Lewiston, dusted off his state crown and risked this heirloom in a rugged bout in Portland. His opponent, Battling Therrian, Sanford middleweight, succumbed to Bing's mauling after being floored six times in six furious rounds. Conley is in the best shape of his career.

Cyclone St. Louis of Old Town after a long absence from the ring, finally got a bout with Irish Barney Grant, in Lewiston and thrashed the Lewistonite before his own admirers. St. Louis has not grown stale and with the return of boxing to Northern Maine he will undoubtedly resume his winning streak.

Ruby Levine of Lewiston who has returned from the Pacific coast, won the state featherweight title from Lou Lambert in six rounds at Portland, April 13. Levine lost a chance to win the state title when he broke his hands on Jimmy (Kid) Rice, two or three years ago. Levine is the fifth lad to hold the



Johnny Harrison, Akron's star featherweight who has won 18 bouts with the leaders of the middle west. Welsh is his manager.

state 126 lb. crown in a year. Lou Bedell, Jimmy (Kid) Rice, Tommy Fleurant and Lou Lambert each wearing it at intervals.

Charley Miller (Young Jack O'Brien) is back in Woodland after spending the winter in New York.

Red Grange, Portland welter with seven straight K. O's behind him lost the decision to Chick Arsenault of Berlin, N. H., in four rounds.

Bangor aldermen granted Duncan McDonald a license to stage a boxing bout in that city every two weeks this summer and word comes to us that a Pittsfield promoter is soon to resume work.

The Bangor promoters, with a dozen straight financial losses, should realize that a "Local Champ" MUST be developed. The promoters must, therefore, use Bangor lads in the "prelims" and assist them in their training in order that a boy may be developed who will draw the fans as imported talent will not do.

There are in Bangor four men with much experience as trainers. If the promoters co-operate with these men, a Bangor boy can be ready for Maine bouts by fall or winter. Then and only then will financial success be certain in this city of finicky fans.

Laddie Lee ('Conner) is on his way up! The former Holy Cross athlete won the newspaper decision over Bobby Brown of Lowell in a furious six round battle that ended only when the police were called to separate the boys. In his next battle he stopped Sheik Leonard of Bridgeport, Conn. in three rounds. Lee is the coming idol in the state where pugilists are still called "prizefighters."

Portland admirers of Jack Willis who fought in this city a few months ago, will be interested to learn that the "Crashing Cowboy" K. O.ed Dude Martinez at Hot Springs, Ark. in nine rounds and stopped Joe Roche at Oakland, California, in the same time.

A new welterweight, Andy Palmer, of St. John, N. B. is now staying in Pittsfield and is craving action. If he is any good he will get plenty of action as the two leading welters Cyclone St. Louis and Laddie Lee have few contenders among the local boxers.

FLASHES FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

The boxing game in Georgia has been enjoying prosperity since the first of the year. Atlanta has been drawing good crowds and so have Savannah and Columbus.

Billy Lotz, who in addition to guiding the fistic affairs of Larry Avera, junior welter champion of the South is matchmaker for the Disabled war veterans. Lotz is putting on jam-up boxing attractions and the gates are increasing with every performance.

Larry Avera is the busiest mitman in the local colony of boxers, Larry has been a consistent winner. Lotz does not mind spotting the so-called battlers around here ten pounds, and Larry always manages to come out on top.

Pinkie May, claimant of the Southern bantam championship is another one of the mit-men who is setting a dizzy pace in getting fights. Ed Alexander, manager of the little southpaw is finding it trouble getting opponents for his star bantam.

Battling Finch, one of Alexander's middleweights is another lad who is making a name for himself, his quick knockout victory over Eddie Harris, local middleweight stamps as a promising pugilist in these parts.

Tommy Jones and Tim O'Dowd recently collided in a Jacksonville, Fla., ring and the boys battled to a ten round draw in a hectic contest.

One of the busiest managers in the game hereabouts is Billy Jinks formerly of Birmingham and Atlanta but of later from Tampa, Fla. Billy is handling the largest stables of boxers of any manager in the fight game and he manages to handle winners. His best bet is a little Italian youngster, Tony Leto by name, who hails from Tampa.

Leto is the best looking youngster hereabouts. He is only 17 years old.

Charles Brownfield, after staging two bouts has departed for Louisville, Ky., where he is handling a stable of boxers.

Hollis Sullivan is taking a short rest after several successful bouts in Atlanta and Savannah.

Lukie Tenner was awarded the decision over Al Zeimer in their recent meeting here. Zeimer hit Tenner a low blow in the third round of a scheduled 12 round bout.

Frankie Gardini, started light training for some future bouts. The little fellow was compelled to take a rest on account of illness and was deprived of many tempting offers that his manager had for bouts all thru the southern states as well as a tempting offer in Havana, Cuba.

An effort is being made by promoters here to book Hollis Sullivan and Gardini at an early date, both boys stack up nicely in cleverness but Gardini looks like the harder puncher of the two.

Fort McPherson recently staged some bouts. K. O. Moore defeated Johnnie Walker. The former is from Company A, Twenty Second Infantry, and the latter from Sixth Cavalry. Kid Karst of the medical detachment, Fort McPherson, defeated Patsy Corbet of Anderson, S. C.

Larry Avera was awarded referee decision over Dave Eddelman in ten rounds in Charlotte, N. C.

Dick White defeated Jack Dennessey by the k. o. route in their recent meeting in Columbus, Ga.

Walk Miller and Flowers returned to Atlanta after the Tiger had defeated Allentown Joe Gans. Miller plans to condition the Tiger here for proposed fight with Harry Greb for the 160 pound title.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

SOX PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy of Trenton, proclaimed by boxing experts as a first rater of exceptional ability, has been meeting with tough luck. He was to have fought Fred Boylstein in the Armory in Philadelphia but for some unknown reason, Boylestein didn't show up. The promoters got Johnny Mosley to substitute. Both Murphy and Mosley were in the ring, ready to fight when it was announced from the ring that the show was off. No reason was given.

Murphy was then matched with Charles Fraraci in New Orleans for 15 rounds. Murphy received expense money and was ready to leave when he received a telegram from the promoters stating that Fraraci broke his hand while training. Murphy is going to the coast in the hope of chasing the hoodoo.

Babe Ruth of Philaedlphia and Spencer Gardner of Providence were chased from the ring by Referee Frank Ferguson. The referee declared it no contest. Both fighters' money was held up.

Johnny Oakey again proved that he was Jack Kiernan's superior by beating him in a return ten round bout.

Sammy Muffo knocked out Kid Georgie Bobon in the third round. It was the semi to the Oakey-Kiernan go.

Ray Mitchell of Philly fouled Wille Beetle of Trenton after two minutes of fighting. Mitchell had the best of it to the end.

Young Jack Dempsey of Philadelphia beat Henry Shaw of New York in a ten round bout.

In the semi Willie Wiggins of Trenton knocked out Georgie Abner of Riverside in the second round. Young Terry beat Young Hymack in another bout. Young Terry looks like a comer.

Joe Reno of Trenton lost by a shade to Lew Tendler of Philadelphia. Tendler had a weight advantage of ten pounds.

Sammy Perro, manager of fighters, is the proud father of a ten pound baby boy, born to Mrs. Perro on the 13th of April. He nicknamed the baby Rattling Billy Murphy.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

With the huge baseball stadium almost completed, Toronto should be the scene of some good boxing shows this summer. A good open-air spot had been badly needed here in the past. Two championship matches are almost sure. Charlie Phil Rosenberg may defend his title against Bobby Eber, Canadian titleholder. Willie Morrisey, the enterprising matchmaker of the St. Charles A. C., expects to close another title bout between Alec Burlie, kingpin of the Canadian "fly's," and Fidel La Barba.

Georgie Fifield, Toronto's custodian of the Canadian welterweight crown, had to pass up a nice bit of change after he injured his right hand recently. Fifield had lucrative "shots" in Erie, Syracuse, Montreal, Detroit, and Toronto, all inside of three weeks,

K. O. Kelly, Suey Welch's welterweight of Akron, Ohio, who claims negro Middleweight title

but had to cancel them all. George will be fit again in a couple of weeks.

Larrupin' Chris Newton ,and Johnny Brown (Newport) fought a slashing ten round draw at St. John's last week, and have been rematched in Halifax.

The Shamrocks opened the downtown Arena, with a double windup featuring Jackie Johnstone, local bantam, and Tommy Ryan, of Buffalo and Larry Gains colored heavyweight, whom Playfair Brown imported from Europe, and Dixie Kid of Buffalo, Johnstone, fought his way back into public favor, by winning handily an interesting bout, while Gains, weighing 192 pounds pushed over "The Kid" in the second round. The best bout on the card was between Curly Wilshur, former featherweight champion of the Dominion and Bobby Booth. Wilshur looked good, according to the critics, and should get some lucrative bouts before the season is over.

Mickey Wilson, who steered Bobby Eber back into the lime-light, and helped the latter regain the Canadian bantam title, has parted with Bobby's contract, Eddie Rudd former director of the Queensbury Club has purchased the document.

Jack McFarland, who recently whipped Jackie Jones in Hamilton, is being handled by Walter Obenessor, formerly manager of Bobby Ebber, and Howard Mayberry. McFarland has plenty of class and will be seen in a Toronto ring with some good boy in the near future.

Ottawa swings back into the game with a ten-rounder between Del Fontaine, and Harry Henning, the "Battling Bricklayer."

Little Alec Burlie, and Young Dencio, Frank Dane's Mite, fought the main go here recently. Burlie won the verdict, but the game little Dencio battled his way into the hearts of the fans. Alec had weight, height and reach, and Mrs. La Barba's son will find no "mug" in front of him, when he battles the ringwise Burlie for his title.

Charlie Miller, the good local junior welterweight, is back in shape and ready for any of them at his poundage. Miller has improved immensely of late. Charlie will engage Cliff Graham, another dynamic puncher, on the next show. Graham made a hit with the fans when he gave a lacing to Charlie Thompson.

Manny Wexler, the good little Gotham flyweight, made a lot of friends when he won over Frenchy Belanger in eight rounds. Wexler showed a nice left hand and a good knowledge of infighting.

EASTERN CANADA NOTES

By JACK MASON

Bert Brown of Montreal won a decision over Newport Johnny Brown of Cambridge, Mass. in Halifax. Brown came from New Zealand to Montreal. Before beating Newport Johnny Brown he took a decision in Halifax from Red McDonald of Halifax.

Chris. Newton of Toronto should have been given a decision over Newport Johnny Brown of Cambridge in St. John, N. B. Newton had a margin on points. The decision was a draw, owing to poor judging and refereeing. Brown was groggy in the final round.

Joe Hartnett of Halifax knocked out Dick Hunt of Halifax in Halifax in the tenth round. Hunt had knocked out Hartnett twice before.

Jack McKenna of North Sydney, N. S., who generally gets sick or injured a day or two before a fight should get wise and do some work in the ring. He has done no fighting for about six months. McKenna is too anxious to pick his opponents.

Johnny Nemis of New Waterford, N. S. took a decision from Nedder Healey of Halifax, who is in a long losing streak.

Kid Melanson of New Glasgow, N. S. has been boxing in semi-finals. If Melanson wasn't so hard to handle and would train, he might get somewhere in the ring. He spends most of his time beating his way on freight trains and panhandling. He got in bad some time ago for holding up a promoter for more money an hour before he was to go into the ring.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

Don Boyer, of Toledo, and Ray Hahn, of Indianapolis, battled their way through twelve terrific rounds to a draw here on April 8th. There was action all the way but neither boy was able to gain any decided advantage. The show was promoted by Joe Dailey, matchmaker of the Toledo Athletic Club.

The Shea Bros. featured Jack Duffy, of Toledo, and Joe Paglina, of Louisville, in a twelve round bout on April 15. Paglina got away to a good lead in the early rounds but Duffy cut loose and showed far too much speed for his opponent. Duffy had things all his own way from the fifth round on.

Joe Packo, Toledo light-heavyweight, won decisively from Sergeant Norcross, also of Toledo, in the twelve round main event of a show staged by Joe Dailey, of the Toledo A. C. on April 22nd. Packo dealt out worlds of punishment and on several occasions had the Sergeant in a bad way, but at the finish Norcross was still on his feet and trying. They showed to a packed house.

Al Wolgast,, lightweight now located in Toledo, stepped over to Lima Ohio on April 19th where he stopped Tony Sanders, of Chicago, in the seventh round of a scheduled twelve round bout.

Toledo can now boast of some very good local fistic talent, namely Joe Packo light-heavyweight, Al. Wolgast 135-138 lbs., Don Boyer welterweight and Jack Duffy junior lightweight. These boys can fight and are eligible to meet anyone at their weight.

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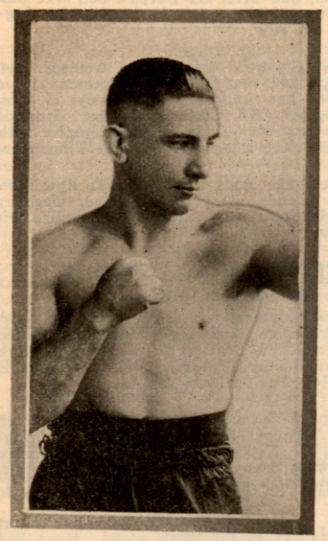
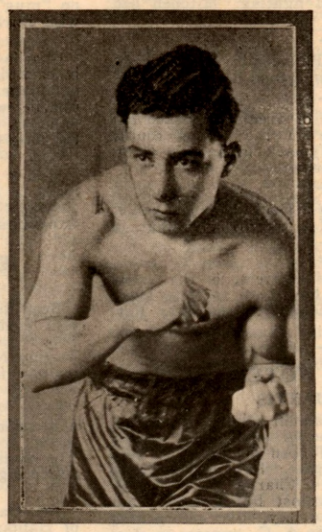
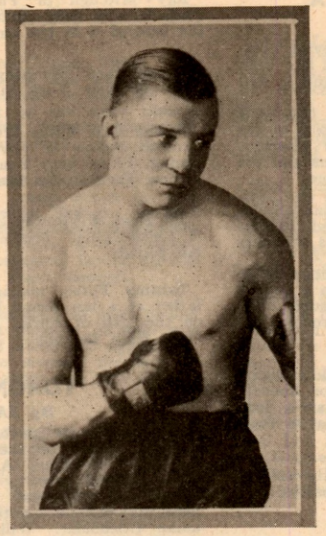


Bing Conley, Middle and lightweight champion of Northern New England



Al Zolli, a New York lad of promise. He is a featherweight and former amateur.



Sig Keppen, Beaver Falls, Pa., lightweight. He is an aggressive scrapper.

George Mulholland, Indian Heavyweight from Middle West. He is a former amateur.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

HEARD IN CALIFORNIA

It is reported on good authority that Bud Taylor, the blond-headed terror from Terre Haute, will receive the sum of $10,000 for his next clash with Johnny Farr, at Los Angeles.

Tommy Cello will be headed east soon under the guidance of Charley Cook, who is also sporsoring Eddie Huffman, the Naval pride.

Pat Lester received a surprising setback at the hands of the one time heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson. To those on the inside it looked like a sure victory for the protege of "Spider" Kelly.

Jackie Fields, former Olympic champion, despite the setback suffered at the hands of Jimmy McLarnin, shows traces of developing into a formidable contender for the lightweight crown.

K. O. Phil Kaplan, New York middleweight, who made several satisfactory showings in this vicinity, will be rewarded with a championship match this coming summer against Tiger Flowers. The match will most likely be staged at the Coney Island Stadum.

To Morgan, present Junior-lightweight champion, should have little trouble against Steve "Kid" Sullivan when they clash at Ebbets Field this summer for the title. Sullivan has seen his best days and it would not be surprising to see Ted win by a knockout.

Making only one appearance in an eastern ring, Fidel La Barba, should he return there, will be one of greatest attractions ever offered to the public. La Barba has that class and personality that captures the public. La Barba will receive a championship belt from the Boxing Writers' Association of Greater New York, when he next defends his crown in that city.

Frankie Fink, Pacific Coast lightweight, who made an eastern invasion with Eddie Sears and Mushy Callahan, intends to make New York his headquarters. His interests will be conducted by Johnny Keyes, known as the Mayor of Chinatown.

Teddy Silva, speedy flyweight, celebrated his initial start in New York by whipping the tough Tommy Milton in a hurricane ten round engagement. Silva made an extraordinary good showing and will have no trouble securing matches in the future.

"Cowboy" Jack Willis, the roving Texan, startled the natives by his knockout over Joe Roche in their recent bout. Willis has exhibited his wares in all quarters of the United States and is endowed with that quality that all the fight fans admire, the old knockout wallop. Willis scored a one round knockout over Tony Lyons at Madison Square Garden several months ago.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NOTES

By JACK CAHILL

During the past few months, the Elks Club of Denver, through its matchmaker, Jabe Cassady, have had several star cards. Prominent among the headliners who exhibited their wares were: Red Chapman and Henry Ford of Boston, Jack Kane and Jack Kilrain of Chicago, Frankie Garcia of Memphis, Tenn., Izzy Tanner of St. Paul, Roy Sutherland of San Francisco and Harry Galfund of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Denver lads have had varied sucess with these invaders, Eddie Mack and George Manley being consistent winners.

On April 2, the best card seen in Denver since the return of the four round game, was put on. Eddie Mack and Buddy Hamilton, fought the main event and the several windups were made up of George Manley and Freeman Peppers, Harry Galfund and One Step Watson and Jack Kane and Jack Silvers. Mack gave Hamilton a lacing to prove that he was by far the best man of his weight in the Rocky Mountain region.

Jack Kanner announces that he will again inaugurate the long distance bouts that have been dormant in this region for so long—six, eight and ten rounders. The chage will be gladly welcomed. Kanner is busy remodeling the old Armory on the style of Jack Doyle's Vernon arena.

Eddie Mack, Regis collegian and champion of the Rocky Mountain region and Southwest, intends to go east this summer and book with the best of his weight as the promoters in these parts are having difficulty in matching him. Mack recently defeated Frankie Garcia, Joe King Leopold, Henry Ford and Roy Sutherland and has lost but one start in 75 battles.

Don Long, of Denver, came back after a long rest to defeat Abe Mishkind of Salt Lake City.

One Step Watson, of Omaha, who is a favorite in Denver, is back from the Pacific coast where he met the best boys in his class and gave a good account of himself. He lost a close decision to Harry Galfund on April 2.

Soo Quong Bill, singing Chinaman from the Pacific coast, recently delighted the fans of this region by his clever boxing and singing. In every bout he appears he gives the fans "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." However, he doesn't mean his opponents.

Bud Hamilton, former Denver ringman and lately of Kansas City, came back for a visit and fought with Eddie Mack losing in four rounds. Hamilton recently won the championship belt for the best lightweight in the middle west.

Joe King Leopold with Eddie Bohn has gone to the Pacific coast in quest of better men to engage. Leopold has battled the best men of his weight in the country and should have a great season on the coast.

George Manley, one of the best boys turned out in Denver in recent years, has begun to take game seriously and plans to invade eastern rings during the coming summer months. Manley was a sparring partner of Tom Gibbons at Shelby. Recently, he decisively outpointed Freeman Peppers of Sioux City and had him on the verge of a knockout.

Izzy Tanner of St. Paul, who has been wintering in Denver has gone to Australia where he has several engagements.

Harry Bramer, veteran featherweight of this section, has hung up his gloves for a long rest but it is hoped he will not do so for good.

Young Corbett, former world's champion, is still around Denver and may be seen daily in the Central Gymnasium giving pointers to the little fellows. He is of the opinion that Denver may again produce a champion in the person of Eddie Mack.

There seems to be a lack of material in the heavyweight class in these parts but there are a number of promising youngsters of the lighter weights. When Jack Kanner opens his new punch bowl, he is sure to have a couple of imported top notchers among the heavies to give his customers a new treat.

One more for college education! A few weeks ago the fans had the novelty of seeing three collegians do their stuff in a local ring on the same night, Eddie Mack, of Regis College, Don Long of Denver University and Brick Stevens of Utah University. Incidentally, all won their respective encounters handily.

Teddy Gartin, Denver welterweight, battled a twelve round draw with Al Van Ryan in Billings a few weeks ago although the press men at the ring side conceded the go to Gartin. Teddy's opponent was a Billings boy. Gartin received his first set back in Colorado rings last week when Herman Auerbach of Salt Lake City decisioned him at one of the Elks' shows. The Denver boy is a great favorite in Omaha where he has gone to take on Al Razgall for twelve rounds.

Freeman Peppers, of Sioux City, Iowa, recently showed in Denver and lost to George Manley. Peppers is a clown in the ring and due to these tactics he is hard to hit.

King Tut, of Minneapolis, invaded Denver rings three weeks ago and knocked out Don "Terror" Lon, popular featherweight. Tut is the first of the boys to lay the "Terror" low and to prove that he is a first class boy he will engage Mack in a four round affair at the Elks Punch Bowl, in the near future.

Matt Flanagan, welterweight, has returned to Denver from a tour of the southwest where he lost only one encounter and that to Johnny Gonzales, Mexican flash. He has been signed to box Ham Jenkins soon.

Tommy Commiskey, welterweight, has decided to take a long rest.

Herman Auerbach, Salt Lake welter, has come to the Colorado rings with much success defeating Tommy Commiskey and Teddy Gartin.

Bernie Mack, brother of Eddie and a lightweight of ability, has given up the ring for good. Bernie is a first class ball player and will be seen in action with the Denver Bears of the Western League.

Dan Ortiz, popular Santa Fe promoter, is contemplating putting on a high class card in his town in the near future. He has selected Eddie Mack and Frankie Garcia of Memphis, Tenn., as his headliners.

Frank Muskie of St. Paul will meet George Manley of Denver shortly. Muskie is popular here due to his recent appearances and he is just coming back from the Pacific coast from a successful tour. They are light heavyweights.

King Solomon, Jewish heavy from New York City, and Alex Rely of Peru, South America, headlined a card at the Auditorium, May 6. These two nationally known fighters were the first two to be imported here since the inauguration of the four-round game.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

THE Questions and Answers department conducted by Francis Albertanti are unquestionably the most interesting pages in The Ring. This young expert answers scores of intricate questions every month, in addition to giving his advice or opinion by mail.

Every morning finds Albertanti's desk strewn with letters from all parts of the globe containing requests for information on matters pertaining to the manly art. It takes him the better part of a month to get the material in shape for publication.

No question is pigeon-holed or thrown in the waste basket. It may take him a few days to find an answer but its dollar to doughnuts he will come through with the proper reply to a query. You can't expect a man to be perfect; under the circumstances he does as well as can be expected. He drinks, eats and sleeps, questions and answers.

Only the other day Albertanti received a letter from N. A. Gilbert, editor of The Morning Call, of Key West, Fla., seeking some important information. The letter and Albertanti's answer follows:

"We should appreciate your decision as to the result of a boxing match which occurred here between two local contestants in which one boxer was awarded the decision on a foul.

"The winner was knocked down and after the knockdown had arisen so that he was on both feet and both gloves off the floor, although only partially erected and he had not yet assumed a fighting posture, nor was he in a position to protect himself, having arisen after the count had been completed to the extent of four or five. The other contestant did not walk away from him nor go to his corner, nor was he motioned by the referee to do so, and when his opponent had arisen from the knockdown to the extent mentioned above, the other boxer struck him knocking him down again.

"Thereupon the fallen man spoke to the referee claiming a foul and was awarded the fight. The referee subsequently claimed that he awarded the decision because both boys had agreed prior to the fight that if either were knocked down during his progress the other man would go to his own corner and of course on this basis the decision was corect. What we should like to have you decide is the question as to what would have been the proper course to pursue in the absence of the express agreement on the part of the fighters. In other words, what are the proper rules now regarding the right of a fighter that has been knocked down with regard to the distance that his opponent must keep away from him and how soon after the knock down he is entitled to attack after the fallen man has arisen.

"We would also appreciate your comments as to whether the present rules differ from the old Marquis and Queensbury rules and to what extent.

"As this city is a great fight center the controversy has created a great deal of local interest. We should appreciate your giving this your immediate attention as we desire to print both this letter and your reply in full."

Under the New York State Athletic Commission rules a boxer who scores a knockdown must retire to the far corner, and the referee stops counting until the rule is obeyed. Your refere was negligent. However, if the boxers agreed that violation of their agreement constituted a foul, with disqualification as the penalty, the decision will stand. Here is the New York rule:

"When a contestant is down, his opponent shall retire to the farthest corner and remain there until the count is completed. Should he fail to do so, the referee and timekeeper may CEASE COUNTING until he has so retired."

There is no foul, but the remedy and the penalty are included in the rule. The New York rules have been adopted as whole or in part by every boxing commission in America. Suggest that you write to Bert Stand, secretary of the State Athletic Commission. Flatiron Bldg., New York City, and ask him to mail you a copy of the rules.

The Queensbury rules were very brief, containing only the basic principles of boxing. The New York rules are very comprehensive, covering practically every situation that can arise in a boxing contest.

William Price, New York City.

Q.—Could Jack Delaney whip Dave Shade?

A.—Yes.

A Fan, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What is the nationality and age of Tod Morgan? (2) Could Tommy Milligan beat Sailor Friedman? (3) Is Boy McCormick still fighting, and is he a first-class fighter?

A.—(1) Scotch-American, twenty - two years old. (2) No. (3) Boy is still fighting; he is a fifth rater.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) What do you think of Phil McGraw, and is he a good drawing card all over the country? (2) Why are Mandell and Vicentini considered better lights than McGraw when he has boxed to a draw with Mandell and licked Vicentini? Has he been advanced too rapidly?

A.—(1)Stunned New York experts and fans alike with his grit and fighting ability. (2) McGraw has stolen most of Mandell's thunder. He has been considered a better scrapper than the wild man from South America. He has not been driven any harder than other enterprising pugilists.

Alexander Baraglia, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts —Stribling vs. Delaney, Godfrey vs. Wills, Rosenberg vs. Genaro?

A.—Delaney, Wills, Genaro.

Lawrence Becher, New York City.

Q.—(1) What is Irish Bobby Green's rating at present? (2) Was Ted Lewis considered a good champion, was he as good as Jack Britton, and is he still fighting?

A.—(1) Excellent. (2) Lewis was one of the best welter champions in boxing history. He is still fighting.

Jack Jeffrey, Goderick, Ont., Canada.

Q.—(1) Can one start as a professional or must he be an amateur first? (2) Which is the best city to start boxing in?

A.—(1) Do not have to necessarily start in the amateur ranks. Most of our greatest fighters never fought in the simon pures. (2) New York City.

Paddy Jaci, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q.—(1) What was Dempsey's hardest fight? (2) Has Gene Tunney a chance to fight Dempsey? (3) When did Young Griffo and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey die?

A.—(1) Gunboat Smith. (2) Yes. (3) Young Griffo is alive. Dempsey died November 1, 1895.

A. C. Abdon, Cleveland, O.

Q.—Did Mike McTigue ever fight Paul Berlenbach, and what was the result.

A.—Berlenbach dethroned Mike as the world light heavyweight champion.

Israel Dempsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What is the nationality of Young Otto? Was he a terrific puncher? (2) What is the weight of Musky Callahan?

A.—(1) Hebrew. Yes. (2) 140 pounds.

Constant Reader, New York City.

Q.—I am seventeen years of age and I weigh 145 pounds. Is this a good time to start boxing?

A.—Yes.

R. R. Kennan, New York City.

Q.—What do you think of Phil McGraw as a lightweight contender? What type of fighter is he?

A.—Very good. Club fighter.

A. Gardner, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who would win between Black Bill and Frankie Genaro? (2) When and where did Jackie Clarke and Tiger Flowers meet? (3) If Harry Felix and Joe Glick ever meet what would be the result? (4) Did Chick Suggs ever meet Rocky Kansas, where and what was the results?

A.—(1) Genaro. (2) New York City Feb. 14, 1925. (3) Felix. (4) Suggs lost on foul on May 23, 1925, seven rounds, and on July 2 he defeated Kansas in ten rounds at New Bedford, Mass.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—What do I have to do to get fights in New York?

A.—Get in touch with some of the matchmakers. They're an accommodating lot if you have the talent.

Jack West, Columbus, Ga.

Q.—Who would win the following bouts if they were in their prime: Joe Walcott vs. Joe Gans, Harry Greb vs. Berlenbach, Greb vs. Carpentier, Leonard vs. Dempsey (if same weight)?

A.—Walcott, Greb, Greb, search us.

James O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Who defeated Abe Goldstein for the bantamweight championship?

A.—Eddie (Cannonball) Martin.

A Reader, Jessey City, N. J.

Q.—Where can I locate Billy McCarney?

A.—Publicity Building, 47th Street and Broadway, New York City.

Frank Gondorf, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—How can I get in touch with Humbert J. Fugazy, the man who promoted the Italian Hospital Fund bouts last summer?

A.—Forty-fourth floor, Woolworth Building, New York City.

A. Knapp, New York City.

Q.—Who were some of the best southpaw boxers in the last ten years?

A.—Lew Tendler, Tiger Flowers, Eddie Fitzsimmons.

J. H. B., New York City.

Q.—What was the name of the referee who was in the ring the night Leach Cross fought Matty Baldwin at the National Sporting Club in West Forty-fourth Street? What has become of him? Has he been seen in the squared circle since?

A.—Joe Hess. He never refereed another bout.

Charles Oxx, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How many times did Leach Cross and Battling Hurley fight, and who won the majority of bouts?

A.—Four. Cross.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Who was Stanley Ketchel's last opponent and at what club did they box in New York City?

A.—Jim Smith, National Sporting Club in West Forty-fourth Street.

Harold Weathersbee, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What was the name of the club that held bouts at the old Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second Street, and the name of the promoter?

A.—Lyric A. C. Tom O'Rourke.

Sol King, New York City.

Q.—(1) What division is Corporal Izzy Schwartz in? (2) I am eighteen years old, can I become an amateur boxer, and where can I get my license?

A.—(1) Flyweight. (2) Yes. Get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, No. 305 Broadway, New York City.

W. Porter Kendall, Pine Bluff, Ark

Q.—(1) Why was the Shade-Moody bout on April 12 called no contest? (2) Could Chick Suggs whip Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg?

A.—(1) Unsatisfactory. (2) Yes.

Ben Hollander, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who deserves the first crack at Dempsey? (2) Was Jack Sharkey ever knocked out? (3) Will Dempsey fight Tunney this year?

A.—(1) Wills. (2) If you mean Jack

Sharkey of Boston, who is a heavyweight—yes. Romero Rojas rocked him to sleep. Jack Sharkey, bantamweight, was flattened three times. (3) Looks like it.

Joseph Van Dreeb, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—What was the greatest crowd in history that ever witnessed a bout?

A.—Dempsey and Carpentier at Jersey City. Estimated attendance was 90,000.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Who would win in a ten round bout between Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey both in their prime, and who carries, or carried, the most dynamite in both hands?

A.—Comparisons are odious but it is our opinion that Jeffries would have emerged victorious. Jeffries was the harder hitter.

Steve Gorman, Fargo, N. D.

Q.—What is your opinion of Billy Petrolle, the "Fargo Express; does he rank among the best ten lightweights of the country; would he have a chanec against Rocky Kansas?

A.—Petrolle is one of the best looking lightweight prospects uncovered in a blue moon. Considering the flock of mediocre performers Petrolle ranks among the best ten. He has a good chance to whip the champion Kansas.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How many times did Jack Johnson and Frank Moran meet; did they fight while Johnson was champion?

A.—Once; yes.

Joseph Van Dreeb, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts: Delaney vs. Tunney, Shade vs. Flowers, Kansas vs. Glick, Genaro vs. Graham, Suggs vs. Graham, Dundee vs. Kaplan, and Jack Dempsey vs. Jim Jeffries, the latter pair in their prime? (2) Could Bushey Graham compare with Pete Herman when the latter was in his prime?

A.—(1) Delaney, Shade, Kansas, Genaro, Graham, Kaplan, Jeffries. (2) No.

Paul Bedell, New York City.

Q.—Did Georges Carpentier knock Dempsey out of the ring in their fight?

A.—No.

A. Herrera, Habana, Cuba.

Q.—(1) Do you think Black Bill is a dangerous contender for the flyweight championship? (2) Who would win in a Black Bill-Frankie Genaro match? (3) Who would win in a Tunney-Wills bout?

..A.—(1) No. (2) Genaro. (3) Wills.

Louis Schwartz, New York City.

Q.—Did Berlenbach fight K. O. Jaffe in 1924 at Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn?

A.—Yes.

Jimmie, Middletown, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Was there ever a Joe Percente-Stanley Ketchel fight, and what was the outcome? (2) What has become of Cannonball Martin?

A.—(1) No record of it. (2) Retired.

Michael Zamalis, Newcastle, Pa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Sid Barbarian, Phil McGraw, Pete Latzo and Johnny Grosso?

A.—Armenian, Greek, Polish, Italian.

L. Leon, Folsom, Calif.

Q.—Who was the greatest drawing card among Jim Flynn, Frank Moran, Carl Morris, Gunboat Smith and Sam Langford?

A.—Langford.

Amedeo Mancini, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Dominick Petrone-Charley (Phil) Rosenberg bout? (2) Did Petrone ever fight Fidel La Barba? (3) Who would win between Johnny Filucci and Petrone?

A.—(1) Rosenberg. (2) No. (3) Petrone.

Fred Morris, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—(1) What division would I be in, I am five feet eight inches tall and I weigh 130 pounds? (2) I am seventeen years of age and very anxious to start boxing; when can I start?

A.—(1) Lightweight. (2) Right off.

James Grippe, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—How many Palusos are there; are they related, and what are their names?

A.—Two; yes, brothers, Emil and Lou.

Vernon Kloster, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How long was Benny Leonard champion; could he come back?

A.—Seven years; yes.

Lenny Wyckoff, New York City.

Q. What are the ages of the following: Jack Johnson, Jim Corbett, Harry Wills and Johnny Risko?

A.—46, 60, 34, 24.

James O'Connell, Bayonne, N. J.

Q.—Are there any women prizefighters?

A.—No.

Art Carlson, Wynantskill, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb and Floyd Johnson? (2) Is Floyd Johnson still fighting?

A.—(1) Irish, German, Scandinavian. (2) Charley Cook retired him to his Iowa farm.

James Grippe, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Who fought the longest fight in history, when and where?

A.—London rules—J. Kelly and J. Smith, Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855, six hours and fifteen minutes. Glove fight—110 rounds, seven hours and nineteen minutes, between A. Bowen and J. Burke, New Orleans, April 6, 1893.

Sam Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What boxers do not use bandages when boxing? (2) Who was the better boxer—Johnny Dundee or Terry McGovern? (3) Didn't Leach Cross and Johnny Dundee fight about ten years ago at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn?

A.—(1) All use bandages nowadays. (2) Dundee. (3) June 18, 1915; ten rounds, no-decision.

A Reader, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—(1) Was Jackson a full blooded Negro, how tall was he, and what were his measurements? (2) How do you rank Peter Jackson among the heavyweights? (3) Could Gans lick Mickey Walker?

A.—(1) Yes; six feet two and a half inches tall, weight 190. Symmetrical, no bulging muscles. Built for speed. Great boxer, terrific hitter, superior ring general. (2) Best of all. (3) Easily.

Joseph Veneri, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Has Petie Mack any chance of winning the feather title? (2) Who was the first featherweight champion? (3 Who would win between Firpo and Tunney?

A.—(1) No. (2) Previous to 1887 Harry Gilmore claimed the title and offered to make 122 pounds for Ike Weir, but he declined. Two years ago Dal Hawkins claimed it and defended it successfully against Freddy Bogan. (3) Tunney.

N. Glick, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who was the greater fighter, Benny Leonard or Joe Gans? (2) Who would win in the following contests: Sid Terris vs. Ruby Goldstein, Tiger Flowers vs. Paul Berlenbach, Joe Dundee vs. Willie Harmon?

A.—(1) Gans. (2) Terris, Berlenbach, Dundee.

Len Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—(1) How can an amateur find a manager? (2) Is there any boxer by the name of Lenny Leonard? (3) Could Solly Seeman beat Rocky Kansas? (4) Has Pal Moran ever been knocked out? (5) Is Georgie Marks still fighting? (6) Could Paolino beat Dempsey? (7) Has Solly Seeman ever been knocked out?

A.—(1) Get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, No. 305 Broadway. (2) Yes. (3) No. (4) Yes. (5) Yes. (6) No. (7) No.

Jack Cummings, Long Island, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of the following old timers: Kid Broad, Young Griffo, Young Otto, Casper Leon, Willie Fitzgerald and Kid Carter?

A.—Broad is in pictures, Griffo makes his headquarters on the doorsteps of a movie theatre on Forty-second Street, Otto is a licensed referee, Leon is racking up balls in a Harlem billiard parlor, Fitzgerald is working in Brooklyn and Carter is also busy at his trade.

J. V., Union City, N. J.

Q.—(1) Who were the heavyweight champions since 1719? (2) Who were the welterweight titleholders up to Wolcott?

A.—(1) Jacok Hyer, Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey, Dominick Bradley, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, Joe Coburn, Jimmy Elliott, Mike McCoole, Tom Allen, Jem Mace, Joe Goss, Johnny Dwyer, Paddy Ryan, John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Marvin Hart, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey. (2) Paddy Duffy, Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Rube Ferns, Matty Matthews, Rube Ferns, Joe Walcott.

Louis Kuhne, New York City.

Q.—Who are some of the men Young Stribling has beaten?

A.—Jake Abel, Harry Krohn, Billy Shade, Vic McLaughlin, Jimmy Darcy, Johnny Klesch, Joe Eagan, Mike Burke, Tommy Robson, Tommy Loughran, Dan O'Dowd, Ray Neuman, Happy Howard, Harry Fay, Hugh Walker, Quinton Romero, Buck Brady, Harry Perkins, Jimmy Delaney, Jack Lynch, Jimmy Slattery.

Jack Greenfield, New York City.

Q.—Did Al Bender ever fight Sid Terris?

A.—No record of it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation,) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., 91 7th Avenue, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; A. D. Phillips, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; Daniel M. Daniel, 91 7th Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of April, 1926.

(Seal) ROBERT T. MARTIN.

Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerks No. 612, New York County Register's No. 6052-A.

Just Among Ourselves

THE progress of The Ring overseas, in Europe, Asia and other parts of the world, is well illustrated by the subscriptions which pour into the offices of this publication.

The Ring now boasts readers in every part of the civilized world. This is a great tribute not only to this magazine but to the sport of boxing, which probably is the only universal pastime.

The places from which new subscriptions have come recently are quite interesting. Here are a few of the latest subscribers:

E. A. Lamb, Takuapa Valley, West Siam.

J. E. Chaparro, El Oro, Mexico.

F. B. Lopez, Oahua, Honolulu.

Tan Chin Seng, Singapore, China.

E. A. Godsland, Bristol, England.

Kenneth F. Robertson, London. England.

R. Christensen, Rosebud, Atla, Canada.

H. M. Chambers, Newfoundland.

A. V. Kankovsky, Budapest, Hungary.

Mickey McGuigan, Belfast, Ireland.

Commandant, 15th Service Co., U. S. Barracks, Tientsin, China.

An Encouraging Response

The response of our readers to our request to help in obtaining new subscribers and for their opinion on subjects discussed in this magazine each month, has been far greater than had been expected. Out of 147 new subscribers last month, thirty-four percent were from foreign countries.

* * * * *

Sixty-nine letters were received on the discussion of the "Greatest Boxers of Modern Ring History," and of this number, some are published below. The remainder will appear in a future issue. Here are a few of the many letters:

* * * * *

From Far Off Mukden

IN the article on the history of the negro in the ring, which appeared in the March number, the author raises a question as to the circumstances surrounding the entry of Molineaux, the American negro, in the English prize ring. The author states that it is not known whether Molineaux was a freeman or not, or whether he went along with his owner from America to England.

The following is taken from BOXERS AND THEIR BATTLES by "Thormanby:"

"Very little is known of his antecedents beyond the fact that he was born of slave parents on a cotton plantation in Virginia, but was himself legally freed. One point, however, I have discovered, which was apparently unknown to the compilers of BOXIANA and PUGLISTICA and that is that Molineaux had been for several years in the service of Mr. Pinckney, the then Ambassador of the United States in London. I have no doubt that it was the fact that his old master held this important appointment in London that induced Molineaux to come over here, and Mr. Pinckney was a very good friend to him after his arrival."

Unforunately the author of the book just quoted does not indicate the source of his information, but perhaps you will deem it interesting enough to pass along to your readers for what it is worth.

Yours respectfully,
S. SOKOBIN,
Mukden, China.

* * * * *

Minnesotan Has His Say

JUST as a boxing fan, I would like to select what I regard as the best man in each division for all time giving first, second and third choices.

Heavyweights, James Jeffries, John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson.

Lightheavy, Robt. Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford and Kid McCoy.

Middle, Stanley Ketchel, The Nonpareil and Les Darcy.

Welter, Joe Walcott, Mysterious Billy Smith and Mickey Walker.

Light, Packey McFarland, Joe Gans and Kid Lavigne.

Feather, Terry McGovern, Jem Driscoll and Abe Attell.

Bantam, George Dixon, Jimmy Barry and Kid Williams.

I think that McFarland was one of the most underrated boxers who ever climbed through the ropes. He never lost a decision but was never able to get a title fight.

Jem Driscoll, the English featherweight, was also somewhat under-rated, I believe. He won all his fights and would up his stay by defeating Abe Attel in a ten round go, at New York but even he gave way before "Terrible Terry."

I'permit me to congratulate The Ring. It is just the magazine boxing needed. It is clean, well illustrated and interesting from cover to cover.

Yours truly,
FRED J. EAGAN,
Cass Lake, Minn.

* * * * *

From Down in Louisiana

I AM attaching check and coupon covering your special subscription to The Ring. I have been buying The Ring at news stands for a good many months, and it is, in my estimation, by far the best publication of its kind.

I was interested in Tom McArdle's line-up of "The Best" in your last issue and I am inclined to agree with him especially his selection of the light heavyweight. This is the first time I have seen any sporting writer extend the palm to Jack Dillon, the Indianapolis Bear Cat, who,—while his rise nad fall came close together—was during his brief career, a terror in both his own, and the heavyweight division.

McArdle says he never held the championship, and he, no doubt knows, but my recollection was that he was the champion, and was defeated by Bat Levinsky. Will you kindly advise through your "Question Box" if this is not correct.

F. L. HAYNES,
2417 Line Avenue, Shreveport, La.

* * * * *

Disputes McArdle's List

I WOULD like to take issue with Thomas McArdle and many others who, not remembering or knowing the fighters of fifty and more years ago have named boxers of from 30 and 40 years down the ladder to the present day as the greatest of the great in the noble history of pugilism. Mr. McArdle has chosen Jeffries, Dillon, Ketchel, Walcott, Leonard, Dixon and Williams, all of whom I would class as men of the modern era.

In selecting the greatest ever, one should review the whole history of the game and then, and only then, should they make their selections. What about the real fighters who flourished a hundred or so years ago? Although they do not get the credit for it they knew as much of the fine points of the game as any of our modern boxers. Are they to be left out of everybody's list?

Well, in my opinion, that great trio of English fighters, Tom Cribb, the famous Jem Belcher and the renowned Mendoza, could have held their own, and more, with any of McArdle's selections in the higher classes. I remain,

BROOKLYNITE.

* * * * *

Boosts Foreign Fighters

I WANT to tell you something about foreign boxers. I see in The Ring of April, that not a dozen topnotchers overseas compare favorably with the second raters among American boxers. In that you are wrong because there are more than a dozen who not only compare with the second raters but with your first class boxers. I will give you some names in each division:

Flyweight—Kid Sock, Elky Clark, Teddy Baldock; Ernie Jarvis for England; Michael Montremil, Belgium; Francois Morrachini, France.

Bantamweight—Johnny Brown, Mick Hill, Tiny Smith for England; F. Kid Francis, Charles Sanwage of France, Dominick Bersconi of Italy, Ernest Scillie of Belgium.

Featherweight—Johnny Curley, Harry Corbett, Kid Ber, Jack Jones, Ed Mascart, Andre Routis, Henri Helians, Camille Desmet, Edward De Vleschouwer, Van Dyck of Holland, Ansonio Ruiz and José Gironés.

Lightweight—England: Ernie Rice, Alf. Mancini, Alf. Simmons, Geo. McKensie; for France, Lucien Vinez, Jules Alverel, Robert Sirvain, Paul Fritsch; for Belgium, Louis Plees, Joe Cleas, Henri Dupont; for Spain, Hilario Martinez.

Welterweight—Bers. Billy Wells, Tommy Malligan, Jack Hood, Alex Irland, Johnny Brown, Johnny Sullivan for England; Emile Romerio, Fred Bretonnel, Ivan Laffineur, Gaston Paumelle for France; Pierre Hobius, Jules Darton, Edoward Verree for Belgium; Mario Bosisio for Italy; Hans Herse for Germany.

Middleweights—Franky Moody, Ted Moore, Len Johnson (negro), Roland Todd for England; Barth Molinat, Geo. Ronquet, Pierre Gandon for France; Rene Devos, Ernest Tynck, Leo Randol for Belgium; Bruno Fiattini for Italy; Ricardo Alis for Spain; Heim Domigoergen for Germany.

Light Heavyweight—Tom Berry for England; Francis Charles for France; Westhoeck and Van Der-Hoff for Holland. Those men can fight all your men except, P. Berlanbach, Y. Stribling, Jack Delaney.

Heavyweight—Phil Scott, who beat George Cook of England; Harry Persson of Sweden; Spalla of Italy; Franz Diener and Paul Sampson Koerner of Germany and Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper.

Later I will send you another list of the Canadian and Australian boxers.

REAL SPORTSMAN,
Canada.

From Calcutta

"I AM here in far off Calcutta where we hear of boxing but never see it except occasionally at an army encampment, but I love to read boxing stories and have never come across a book that contains such interesting ones as are published in The Ring.

Enclosed is my money order for two dollars for a year's subscription. May the sun always shine on your wonderful magazine.

B. AURELIO ROEW,
Imad Ali's Lane, Taltollah, Calcutta.

Disagrees with Corbett

"Since I first discovered your valuable publication three years ago, I have not missed a single number and must compliment you upon the high standard of its contents.

"The articles by and about the old timers are intensely interesting and do, please, give us more of them.

"Much as I admire Jim Corbett, I am compelled to disagree with him on his classification of the greatest heavies. Surely, he made a mistake in leaving out Jem Mace. It is my opinion that Jem was at least equal to any, and superior to most of those Corbett names. Surely Corbett put Willard in as a joker, for Willard was about the limit as a champion.

"In regard to Dempsey, what is the use of a champion who refuses to champ? Anyway, Dempsey is a long way removed from the Corbett, Jeffries, Fitz class."

Jos. Drummond, Winnipeg, Canada.

Thinks Jackson Best

"I have seen your 'voting' for the greatest heavyweight of all times. I have studied the exploits and characteristics of all heavyweights since Sullivan, and I think that Peter Jackson was the greatest of them all. Peter Jackson was a combination of them all. He was perfect, if ever there was a perfect fighting machine in the world.

"I disagree with Mr. Albertanti on the probable winner of a Dempsey-Wills match. Wills can lick Dempsey in jig time. Dempsey is just a slugger. He disappointed me greatly in his battle with our Luis Angel Firpo. He lost his head like a child, and will do likewise if ever Wills gets him in the ring.

Narciso J. Amadeo, Vega Alta, Porto Rico.

Takes Issue with Reader

"If you will allow me just one say, I would like to take issue with Mr. Gallagher for his letter in the April number of 'The Ring', in which he is so enthused over the record of James J. Jeffries. He tells how Jeffries defeated Fitz twice and Corbett twice and Sharkey twice and how he flattened old Peter Jackson and how Langford feared him and he says Jeff was defeated by Johnson because he had grown old.

"When Jeffries fought Fitz the first time, Fitz was 37 and Jeff 24. The second time Fitz was 40 and Jeff 27. When he fought Corbett the first time, Jeff was 25 and Corbett 34. The second time Jeff was 28 and Corbett 37. When he beat Peter Jackson, Jeffries was 24 and Jackson 38, and had one foot in the grave.

"With Jeffries advantage of forty-five pounds of muscular humanity he could not stop Sharkey and did not win by any great margin. If Sharkey had been the size of Jeffries, he could have sunk a battleship.

"The men I mention here, except Sharkey, had passed the peak of their ring ability when Jeffries defeated them and Jeffries had an advantage of from twenty-five to fifty pounds. Jeff's greatest asset was his size.

"It seems that Mr. Gallagher is forgetful or is not well posted. He seems to think old age affects no one but Jeffries. When Johnson defeated him, there was but two years difference in their ages. I am not writing this to detract from Jeffries' ability. He is a good citizen, was a great fighter and belongs in the front row of pugilistic fame. I only write this to show how one-sided some people look at things.

CHAS. BRIER,
San Bernardino, Cali."

Garcia, Product of Army, May Get Chance At Featherweight Title

By "JERSEY" JONES

THE New State Athletic Commission has officially recognized Bobby Garcia as the leading contender for Louis Kid Kaplan's featherweight title. Kaplan may delay the meeting, but eventually he will be forced to take on the service boxer.

There are several interesting angles connected with Garcia's possible chance. For one thing it marks the first time that any fighter, developed in the United States Army, ever rose to a chance for a world's professional championship. For another thing, it is the first time in twenty-eight years of active identification with the fistic profession that Jimmy Bronson will be handling a fighter shooting for a title.

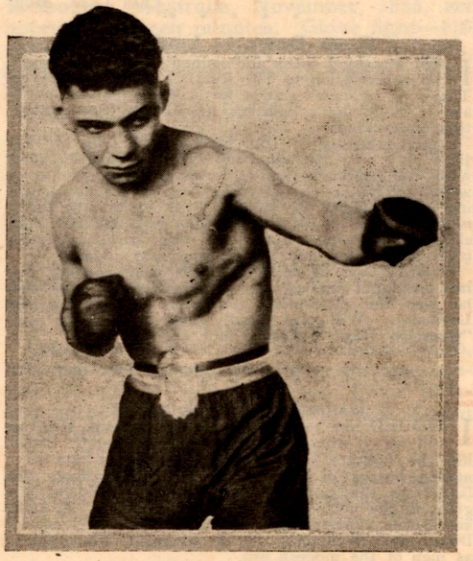
Garcia, born in El Paso twenty-three years ago of Mexican Indian parents, learned to manipulate the mittens while a private in the American Army. "Bullet Bob" was stationed at Camp Holabird, Md., on the outskirts of Baltimore, when he donned his first pair of gloves. Garcia was an instinctive fighter—a viciously aggressive, two-fisted slugger, lacking in skill, in ring generalship, in general "class," but with the savage, killing instinct of a born fighter—a rough, tough, relentless "punching fool."

IN his first year out, Garcia hammered his way into the featherweight championship of the entire United States Army. He held his title for the next three years, right up to the time of his discharge from the service slightly more than a year ago.

Garcia and Kaplan are by no means strangers to each other in the ring. They have already tangled on three occasions and their battles established ring classics. The first time they hooked up was two years ago in Waterbury. After twelve rounds of as sensational fighting as Connecticut ever has witnessed, Referee Galvin called the scrap a drow.

A few months later the pair renewed hostilities in New Haven. In the fourth round, Garcia fractured his left hand but fought right through to the finish. Kaplan received Referee McAuliffe's decision.

Battle No. 3 was staged in Madison Square Garden during the opening round of the featherweight elimination tournament, sponsored by the New York fistic fathers when Johnny Dundee, holder of the world's title, voluntarily abdicated the throne, declaring that he could no longer make the class limit, 126 pounds.



Bobby Garcia

After ten rounds of the wildest sort of action imaginable, Kaplan was awarded the decision of the judges.

Kaplan subsequently fought his way into the final round of the tournament, knocking out Danny Kramer and receiving general recognition as world's champion. In something like 100 battles, Garcia has never been knocked out.

BULLET BOB, by the way, was responsible for one of the most remarkable exhibitions of gameness ever seen in a Mexican ring. Three years ago, when he was just beginning to attract attention in fistic circles, Garcia was matched with Earl Baird at the Gaiety Theatre in Baltimore. Baird in those days was a rough tough hombre, and no bargain for any one. The bout was carded for twelve rounds. The first session was a prolonged slugging bee, both boys standing toe to toe and swapping wallops at a merry clip.

The second round was a repetition of the first until just before the bell clanged, when Garcia swung a vicious left in the direction of Baird's chin. Earl instinctively brought his arm up to block the punch—and Garcia's wrist crashed against the upraised elbow. There was a sickening crunch of breaking bones, and Garcia's arm dropped to his side. He reeled unsteadily for a moment and seemed about to faint when the round ended.

Garcia staggered across the ring and fell into his chair.

"Bob, your arm's broken?" anxiously queried Manager Bronson.

"Yes," Garcia replied.

"Well, you'd better stop now," advised Bronson. "You've got ten more rounds to go, and you certainly cannot expect to make it with only one arm."

"Quit?" exclaimed Garcia, raising himself off the stool. "Not so you could see it. Not me."

"There, there, Bob, take it easy," soothed Bronson. "Don't get excited. There's no disgrace in quitting with a broken arm."

"Listen here, Mr. Bronson," fired back Garcia, tears streaming down his face. "They say Mexicans aren't game. Well, here's ONE Mex who IS. This arm hurst like hell, and it'll probably hurt a lot worse as I go along, but I'm going in there and fight until I cannot fight any longer. While I still have one arm to carry on and two feet to stand on, I'm not quitting to anyone."

And when the gong clanged the end of the twelfth and finad round, there was Garcia, left arm dangling helplessly by his side, but fighting with every ounce of strength he could muster into his pain-wracked, bruised body. He had absorbed terrific punishment—but not one inch did he give during those ten soul-rending rounds.

Standing flat-footed, head down, he fought toe to toe with his relentless opponent—fought him with nothing but one good arm and one of the stoutest fighting hearts the prize ring ever has known.

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